Cambria Freeman.

S. L. JOHNSTON, Editor. HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE. H. A. M'PIKE, Publisher

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AGAIN IN FULL BLAST!

NEW FIRM, NEW BUILDINGS, &c.

HAVING purchased the well known EBENSBURG FOUNDRY from Mr. Edw. Glass, and rebuilt and enlarged it almost entirely, besides refitting it with new machinery, the subscribers are now prepared to furnish

COOK PARLOR & HEATING STOVES,

of the latest and most approved patterns THRESHING MACHINES, MILL GEARING, ROPE and WATER WHEELS of every description IRON FENCING, PLOUGHS and PLOUGH CASTINGS, and in fact all manner of articles manufactured in a first class Foundry. Job Work of all kind attended to promptly and done cheaply.

The special attention of Farmers is invited to two newly patented PLOUGHS which we possess the sole right to manufacture and sell in this county, and which are admitted to be the best ever introduced to the public.

Believing ourselves capable of performing any work in our line in the most satisfactory manner, and knowing that we can do work at LOWER PRICES than have been charged in this community heretofore we confidently hope that we will be found worthy of liberal patronage.

Fair reductions made to wholesale dealers.

☞ The highest prices paid in cash for old metal, or castings given in exchange.

OUR TERMS ARE STRICTLY CASH OR COUNTRY PRODUCE. CONVERY, VINROE & CO.

Ebensburg, Sept. 2, 1868.

628 HOOP SKIRTS 628

AND

CORSETS, CORSETS.

WM. T. HOPKINS, No 628 ARCH St., Phila., Manufacturer of the celebrated "CHAMPION" HOOP SKIRTS for Ladies, Misses and Children—the largest assortment and best quality and styles in the American Market. Every lady should try them, as they recommend themselves by wearing longer, retaining their shape much better, being lighter and much more elastic than all others—WARRANTED in every respect, and sold at very low prices. Ask for HOPKINS' "Champion" Skirt.

Superior Hand-made Whale bone CORSETS in Fifteen different Grades, including the "Imperial" and THOMSON & LANGDON'S "GLOVE FITTING" CORSETS, ranging in prices from $1 Cents to $5 50; together with Jos. Beckel's celebrated FRENCH WOVEN CORSETS, superior shapes and quality. 10 different Grades, from $1.10 to $5.50 They are the finest and best goods for the prices ever imported. The Trade supplied with HOOP SKIRTS and CORSETS at the Lowest Rates.

☞ Those visiting the City should not fail to call and examine our Goods and Prices, as we defy all competition. [Nov.12. 4m.

SECURE THE SHADOW ERE *THE SUBSTANCE FADES!*

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PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY

Is now in perfect order for executing Pictures in every style of the art. Photographs of life size, accuracy, ranging from the smallest card picture to the largest size for framing, taken in any weather, and warranted to give satisfaction. Particular attention paid to children's pictures. Frames of all kinds for sale cheap. Frames of any kind not on hand will be ordered when desired. Instructions in the art on liberal terms.

☞ Gallery on Julian street, 3 doors north of Town Hall. T. T. SPENCE,

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WHOLESALE DEALER IN

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC WINES

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BEST BRANDS OF BRANDY, WHISKY, IRISH WHISKY, GIN, &c., &c.

The very best qualities of Liquors, Wines, &c., for Medical purposes. Prices LOW.

☞ Hotel and Saloon keepers will do well to give me a call at my store on Canal street, in building formerly occupied by T. G. Stewart & Co. Johnstown, Aug. 27, 1868. tf.

GOOD, BETTER, BEST.—The best and cheapest Tobacco and Cigars in town may be had at D. A. Oatman's. Go and see.

The Poet's Department.

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS.

BY CLEMENT C. MOORE.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring,—not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had settled our brains for a long winter's nap;
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.

Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters, and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below:
When what to my wondering eyes should appear
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.

More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and call'd them by name:—
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer! now, Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Dunder and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away, all!"

As dry leaves before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sky,
So up to the housetop the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas too.
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof;
As I drew in my head and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.

He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys was flung on his back,
And he looked like a pedlar just opening his pack.
His eyes, how they twinkled! his dimples, how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow;
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.

He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laugh'd when I saw him in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye, and twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And fill'd all his stockings, then turn'd with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he goes.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO ALL, AND TO ALL A GOOD-NIGHT!"

Tales, Sketches, Anecdotes, &c.

From Ballou's Monthly Magazine.

TWO BARRELS, AND WHAT CAME OF THEM.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

My story (said the merchant) relates to this very house in which we are sitting. It is of an occurrence which I can truly describe as the most terrifying of my life; such an incident as never happens more than once in a man's lifetime; and it is my earnest prayer, that, to the end of my life, I may be spared any more such minutes as were those. It was as though all the terror of threescore and ten years, with all their sickening, startling, thrilling sensations, had been condensed into those few moments; and my wonder since then has been that I was not crazed on the spot by my awful emotions. I will briefly tell the story, and then you can judge for yourselves.

I moved into this house thirty years ago, when I first came to town, and purchased it soon after. I was then a young man of twenty five, with a wife, and a child about three years old. I suppose it is not necessary for me to say that I loved that wife and child; in fact, I almost idolized them. Lucia was a dear good wife to me always, and, though we had been married more than four years, we were hardly yet over our courtship. Harry, my boy, was a bright, cunning little fellow of three years, toddling about the floor, up to his eyes in mischief, and the pet of iis mother and myself. We were strangers to every one here when we first came. but I prospered in business, and the circle of our acquaintance soon increased as speedily as we wished; and as both wife and myself were fond of company, our house soon became a pleasant resort of the young people. I was rather gratified that they showed us so much preference, and told Lucia to encourage them in coming; so it frequently happened, the first winter here, that, upon returning home at night, I found the parlor filled with lively company of young ladies and gentlemen, and my wife entertaining them as she only could. She played and sang much better than any one in town; she knew every parlor game that was worth playing, and could supply some new amusement as fast as the old one grew tiresome. I had always joined the company upon such occasions, and never failed to pass a delightful evening; and little Harry often dismissed his little shoes and socks entirely with delight at the notice he received, and at the fun that was going on around him.

I should have told you before that my business was the retail hardware, and that I had a quantity of powder with my stock. There was little or no call for it, and I was considering the propriety of returning it to the manufacturer from whom I had it on commission, when the gardener of Mr. Newell, the richest man in the place, came in and inquired for blasting-powder.

"Mr. Newell wants to level that hill next to the back garden," he said, "and he thinks to shovel it away would require too much time and labor. He thinks by putting in half a barrel of powder on each side, in a pretty deep excavation, he can tumble the hill over, and crumble it down. What do you think of it?"

I told him that the plan seemed possible to me, and proceeded to show him the powder. There was none of it really course enough for the purpose; but the gardener said that Mr. Newell was in a great hurry to get the work done before gardening time came, and this powder might perhaps do. He ordered a barrel, and promised I to send it up during the day. It happened to be rather a busy day, and I could not take the time to go home to dinner; so I took a lunch at the restaurant at twelve. On my way back to the store I met the drayman, Mike, as he was called, and remembering my promise to send up the powder, I stopped him and directed him about it.

"Mike," I said, "call at the store and get a barrel of powder, which you are to take up to Mr. Newell's. Deliver it to the gardener; he knows about it. And, by the way, you may also call at Train's, and get a barrel of flour and take it up to my house."

I was very busy that day in my office, and it was nearly night before I thought again of the powder, when I stepped into the store and asked the clerk if it had been taken.

"Yes," he said, "Mike called for it and took it. I have been sorry since, though, that I let him have it."

"Why so?"

"Because I seen he had been drinking—But he handled it well enough, and drove off in the right direction, so I guess it will be all right."

I took no alarm about it; for, although I knew that the drayman was in the habit of drinkin to some extent, I never had known him to get into such condition that he could not attend to his business. After an hour longer in the office, I was preparing to go home for the evening, when a loud, harsh voice in the store caught my ear, and, coming out, I found Mr. Newell himself soundly berating one of the clerks.

"What's the matter, sir?" I asked, as I came forward.

"Matter enough," the irascible man answered, turning his anger upon me. "I'd have you know, sir, that if my patronage is worth anything at all to you, you'd better not, in future, make it the subject of your practical jokes. I can't and wont be trifled with!"

By this time I was beginning to be a little irritated myself.

"If Mr. Newell will explain himself," I said, "we will try to rectify anything that we may have done amiss. For my part, I don't understand what offence has been given."

"Isn't this Cox's hardware store?" Newell inquired, somewhat mollified by my coolness.

"Yes sir."

"Are not you Mr Cox?"

"I am."

"Didn't my gardener come here for a barrel of blasting powder?"

"He did, sir; and—"

"Yes," burst in Newell, with fresh irritation; "and didn't you or one of your rascally clerks send up a barrel of flour to answer the order? Hey?"

"No sir," I answered, beginning to get a little light. "Here is Mr. Flagg, who delivered the drayman a good, honest barrel of Al blasting-powder. Did you Flagg?"

The clerk gave a ready affirmative. Mr. Cox mused a moment, and then said, with a greatly moddrate tone:

"Well, here are the facts. I wanted the powder very much, and got impatient for it. I went down to the gate and waited, and was there when the drayman came. He rolled the barrel off the dray carelessly, and said, with a drunken leer, 'Here's your powder, sir, and blast you and it too!' I overlooked his impudence, seeing that he was intoxicated, and called to him to stop, as I saw by the appearance of the barrel and the brand on the head that there was something wrong; but he never paid any heed to me, and drove away. To make sure, I had the barrel unheaded, and found it full of flour, as I supposed I should. Now how do you explain it?"

"Easily enough," I answered. And I think I must have turned pale as my thoughts ran far ahead of my speech, and dwelt fearfully on the consequences that might flow from the drayman's drunken mistake. "The man had orders to take a barrel of flour to my own house at the same time he received the order to take the powder to yours. He has given you what was meant for me, and me what was intended for you. The mistake shall be rectified at once."

Mr. Newell withdrew, satisfied with my explanation; and hardly waiting for him to leave the store, I darted out of it and ran hatless and without umbrella or overshoes through the rain that had begun to fall, turning neither to the right nor left, and upsetting more than one person in my headlong course. My heart knocked against my side so loudly that it was audible every step of the way, and I never slackened my pace until I had reached the door of my house, though tired and breathless. With the words of Mr. Newell there had flashed upon me a frightful fear of the consequences to my own household of the drayman's blunder. I remembered that my wife had told me several days before that we were almost out of flour, and that I had forgotten for several days to get it, and that upon this day she had told me that there was just bread enough to last till night, and that to-morrow's baking must be prepared before we slept. While I heard Mr. Newell's words, it occurred to me that the drayman had delivered the barrel with its dangerous contents at my house after lamplight, and that my wife and the domestic, not perceiving the mistake, and suspecting nothing of what the barrel contained, might—nay, probably would—open it by the lamp or candle! And as I danced frantically along the street, the thought of the dreadful peril of my darling Lucia and my boy almost maddened me, and lent wings to my speed. The distance from the store to the house was not less than a mile; I don't believe I was more than five minutes in making it.

As I approached the house I saw that the parlor was lighted, and a merry buzz of laughter and conversation struck my ear as I ran up the stairs and and into the hall.—Lucia heard the closing of the door, and came out to me with a smile.

"Go right up stairs and change your coat, Fred," she said, "and then come down.—Here's the gayest company we've had for a month; young Thayer and his sisters, Mattie Swift, Ned Gray, Cora Freer, and two more whose names I don't really know.—Your supper will be ready in a few minutes. Little Harry is full of his nonsense, and they all admire him so. But, mercy on me, what's the matter? You don't kiss me, and you're trembling all over! Fred, what is it?"

"*That barrel of flour!*" I gasped, unable to say another word.

"Why, it came at last; but you needn't trouble yourself any more about it. Bridget's beau was calling on her in the kitchen when it came, and he went down cellar with her, a minute ago, to open it for her. They are there now."

Poor Lucia! she didn't understand me at all just then. She didn't know why I turned so white and trembled so, or why I broke away from her and ran like mad for the cellar. I reached the door and plunged down the stairs, and if hadn't been already strained up to the highest pitch of excitement, I think I should have gone mad with the sight I saw when I reached the bottom of the stairs.

The cellar was just the size of the two front rooms, of which the parlor was the one nearer the street. The barrel had been rolled to the farthest extremity of the cellar, which was thought dry enough for it, and stood exactly under the stringers which supported the parlor floor. Bridget was holding a long tallow candle close by it, while her lover plied the hammer, and had already removed the topmost hoop. The wind blew across the cellar through two little wired windows, and the candle was within the influence of the draft. It flared the flame into a long feather, and rapidly consumed the tallow; and as the wick lengthened and burned red, great sparks and fiery particles of the burning wick detached themselves and floated off, some falling upon the very head of the barrel. And over it the boy and girl were chatting and laughing in unconscious peril; over their heads the sound of the piano and the chorus of song and laughter, in which I could plainly distinguish the voice of my darling child, were heard, and the next blow of the hammer might uncover the powder and send every soul of us to destruction.

If I hesitated, it was for less than three seconds. I dashed forward, swiftly and silently, and struck the candle with a blow from Bridget's hand; and as it rolled away on the floor and was extinguished in the darkness, my overstrained powers gave way, and I fell lifeless.

I knew nothing more until I found myself on the sofa in the parlor, with my wife's arm about my neck, while her other hand pressed a vial of hartshorn to my nostrils, and the alarmed and troubled guests gathered about us. Even then they did not comprehend what was the cause of the uproar in the cellar that had frightened them, until I explained it in a few words; and then there was such a set of white faces about me as I have ever seen since. I had saved them all, and I suppose I should have the strength upon another such occasion to act as I did then; but God forbit that the chance should ever be given me!

A TOUCHING STORY.

The following affecting narrative purports to have been given by a father to his son, as a warning derived from his own bitter experience of the sin of resisting a mother's love and counsel:

What agony was on my mother's face when all that she had said and suffered failed to move me. She rose to go home, and I followed at a distance. She spoke to me no more until she reached her own door.

"It is school time now," she said. 'Go, my son, and once more let me beseech you to think upon what I have said."

"I shan't go to school," said I.

She looked astonished at my boldness, but replied firmly:

"Certainly you will, Alfred! I command you."

"I will not," said I.

"One of the two things you must do, Alfred—either go to school this minute, or I will lock you up in your room and keep you there until you promise implicit obedience to my wishes in the future."

"I dare you to do it," said I; "you can't get me up stairs."

"Alfred, choose now," said my mother, who laid her hand upon my arm. She trembled violently and was deadly pale.

"If you touch me I will kick you," said I, in a fearful rage. God knows I knew not what I said!

"Will you go, Alfred?"

"No!" I replied, but I quailed beneath her eyes.

"Then follow me," said she, as she grasped my arm firmly. I raised my foot—O, my son, hear me—I raised my foot and kicked her—my sainted mother. How my head reels as the torrent of memory rushes over me! I kicked my mother, a feeble woman—my mother! she staggered back a few steps and leaned against the wall. She did not look at me. I saw her heart beat against her breast.—"O, Heavenly Father!" she cried, "forgive him—he knows not what he does!" The gardener just then passing the door, and seeing my mother was pale and almost unable to support herself, came in

"Take this boy up stairs and lock him in his room," said she, and turned off from me. It was a look of agony, mingled with the most intense love; it was the unutterable pang from a heart that was broken.

In a moment I found myself a prisoner in my own room. I thought for a moment I would fling myself from the open window, but I felt that I was afraid to die. I was not penitent. At times my heart was subdued, but my stubborness rose in an instant, and bade me not yield yet. The pale face of my mother haunted me. I flung myself on my bed and fell asleep. Just at twilight I heard a footstep approach my door. It was my sister.

"What shall I tell mother for you?" she said.

"Nothing," I replied.

"O, Alfred, for my sake and for all our sakes, say that you are sorry. She longs to forgive you."

I would not answer. I heard her footsteps slowly retreating, and again flung myself on the bed to pass a wretched and a fearful night.

Another footstep, slower and more feeble than my sister's, disturbed me.

"Alfred, my son, shall I come in?" she asked.

I cannot tell what influence operating at that moment, made me speak adverse to my feelings. The gentle voice of my mother, that thrilled me, melted the ice from my heart, and I longed to throw myself upon her neck; but I did not. My words gave the lie to my heart when I said I was not sorry. I heard her withdraw. I heard her groan. I longed to call her back, *but I did not.*

I was awakened from an uneasy slumber by hearing my name called loudly, and my sister stood by my bedside.

"Get up, Alfred. Don't wait a minute. Get up and come with me. Mother is dying."

I thought I was yet dreaming, but I got up mechanically and followed my sister. On the bed, pale as marble, lay my mother. She had not yet undressed. She had thrown herself upon the bed to rest, and rising to go again to me, she was siezed with palpitation of the heart, and borne to her room.

I cannot tell you my agony as I looked upon her—my remorse was tenfold bitter from the thought that she would never know it. I believed myself to be her murderer. I fell on the bed beside her.—I could not weep. My heart burned within my bosom, my brain was on fire. My sister threw her arms around me and wept in silence. Suddenly we saw a motion of mother's hand; her eyes unclosed. She had recovered her consciousness, but not her speech. She looked at me and moved her lips. I could not understand her words.

"Mother! mother!" I shrieked, "say only that you forgive me."

She could not say it with her lips, but her hand pressed mine. She smiled upon me, and lifted her thin white hands; she clasped my own within them, and cast her eyes upward. She moved her lips in prayer, and thus she died. I remained kneeling beside her, that dear form, till my sister removed me. Joy of youth had left me forever.

Boys who spurn a mother's counsel; who are ashamed to own they are young; who think in manly to resist her authority, or refuse to yield to her influence, beware! Lay not up for yourselves bitter memories for your future years.

A Newspaper Correspondent at a Fair.

A correspondent of the Louisville *Democrat* gives a bit of his experience as follows:

My last letter was dated from Chicago. I don't expect to date another from that enterprising city. My malevolent star must have been in the ascendant, else I nevershould have wandered out to Chicago. I had no particular business there, only to fish, and was under the impressing that I could catch them in a bucket at the hydranta, utterly forgetting all about the great lake tunnel.

My first visit to Chicago was in my tender years, in 1856. It was the time when Chicago took such a sudden rise by means of jackscrews. By these machines they raised the entire city, house by house, some two or three feet.

I know all about various confidence games, but consider myself just as likely to be taken in with the simplest of them as the veriest greenhorn of Posey county. How oft these sharpers must have bewailed their bad luck at my not having plenty of money.

With all my experience I dropped into a fair held for the benefit of some confounded society or other. I thought I would expend a dollar or two, and see what was going on. So I bought myself a ticket and slid in. I went to a table where refreshments were sold, and called for some oysters, chicken, salad and coffee. A beautiful siren with big black eyes, little white hands and a most bewitching mouth, spread the edibles before me. I don't know how it was, but I felt a strong affinity for that ministering angel at once. While eating and drinking, and devouring her with mine eyes in the meantime, we struck up a scattering conversation. At last I arose and handed her a five dollar bill. She put it in a little box, and forgot to give me any change, but instead thereof a sweet smile, unto me saying:

"Are you a stranger to Chicago?"

"Yes, madam, I am from Kentucky."

"Is it possible? I am a Kentuckian also."

"Ah! I knew it."

The reply was whispered, but it produced a faint blush, a drooping of the beautiful eyiashes, and a gratified smile.

"Would you like to walk around the room and look over our fancy arcicles?" quoth the siren.

"If you will show me," quote the spooney.

She took my arm, and raising herself by it to her toes, she murmured, "we are not strangers, you know.,'

Go away, Grant, with your Presidency, I would not change places with you this minute. Nor with Colfax, who was married this morning. Go away, jack screws. You can't raise me any higher.

We wandered through that room, talking—sweetly talking, of things that had been, of things that were, and of things that might be. Pretty soon we came to a silver tea set that was to be raffled off. Would I take a chance? Of course I would. Then a wonderful cake, with a valuable ring concealed in it, appeared to the cupidity of chance-takers. I was persuaded to take a chance in the cake. And so things glided on until I concluded that if I took many more chances my chances for getting home would be rather slim. So I refused to tempt fortune any further.

Anon a costly work box met our eyes, but I bravely resisted all appeals, until the little black-eyed scoundrel took me on a new tack. Leaning heavily on my arm, and absolutely resting her cheek on my shoulder, with those wicked eyes and silvery tongue she said:

"Won't you take a chance for *me*?" Oh, well, Hutcher, folks preach about the fall of Adam, but I never blamed him, though I don't think the old fellow had half the excuse I had. I needn't tell *you* that I took that chance, and kept on taking chances for the unprincipled and beautiful wretch that had me in tow until I had not a dollar left. Yes, I was pennyless, and then it began to dawn on me that the young lady was working for the success of the Fair, and that I had made a first class fool of myself, as usual.

There was I bankrupt in money, in reputation, in self-respect. I had been robbed—yes, robbed, for where is the difference between a pair of Derringers's and a pair of black eyes in a robbery? You part with your money because you can't help it. I know that society looks with lenient eyes upon these female guerrillas who haunt these charitable fairs, but it is my opinion when all the robbers come to take their final trial and receive their final sentence, that little Chicago robber will take her place by the side of Jack Sheppard.

Romance of the South Atlantic.

From an article in the London *Aathenæum* on the recent voyage of Prince Alfred in the frigate Galatea, we extract the following account of a curious little community dwelling in mid-ocean:

On quitting Rio the romance of the voyage began by a call at Tristan d' Acunha, the largest rock in a lonely group of islets in the great waters—a group which is said to be further away from other settlements than any other land in the world. Here is a prime fact for romance. One of the three rocks is called inaccessible, a second Nightengale, and the third Tristan. The nearest spot on which men live is St. Helena, and that dwarf islet is a trifle of 1,200 miles to the north. A little story, something like that of the Pine Islanders, or like that of the Pitcairn Islanders, lends charm to this lonely group. During the early days of Napolean's captivity in St. Helena a few sappers and guards were thrown upon Tristan, who dug a ditch, raised a battery, threw up log huts and cleared a patch of soil. When they had been a year on their lone station they were fetched away, no one knew why.—A corporal by the name of Glass got leave to stay behind and keep the place for the British Crown. Three Yankees had been there before, one of whom, a man named Jonathan Lambert, had taken possession of the islet, not for the great republic, but for Jonathan Lambert himself, who was declared by Jonathan, in a regular proclamation, to be sovereign owner and prince of the lonely rocks.—Jonathan being gone, Glass took up his sceptre, and persuaded two fellows to stay and share his empire. Happily Glass had a wife, a creole woman, and two children, so that human interests came into play at once. The little party, after making Glass governor of the island, fell on the soil, part of which Lambert had cleared, and harvested vast quantities of potatoes. Now and then a stray seaman joined the colony, and two women came among them from the distant Cape. Seven years ofter Glass and his folks were left alone, the colony had grown into twenty-two men and three women.—Glass told the Captain of H. M. S. the Berwick, "that they only required a few more women to make the place an earthly paradise." Glass is now dead, and his little colony exists without either governor or government; the men growing potatoes and making shoes, and the women, strange to say, wearing crinoline.

The Prince went on shore and visited the shanties of those curious people, to whom the chaplain offered his services in baptising all the youngsters and marrying all the stray couples who might feel virtuously inclined and ready for the yoke. The youngsters came up in troops to be baptised; but when the reverend gentleman mentioned marriage, the maidens were coy and the bachelors slow to appear. Perhaps they did not like marrying in the Prince's presence. Mr. Miller gave them two hours to consider his proposition, and lingered in vain. As he says, with much professional regret, there were several girls on the island old enough to marry, and seven young men, all of whom were "eligible" for the sacrifice, yet the two hours slipped away without bringing the young men and blushing girls to the altar of hymen. The Prince could not wait; and the British chaplain, though burning with zeal to bind these benighted swains and nymphs in holly matrimony, had to push off for the Galatea, leaving them as wild in morals and free in life as they had been before his advent. Who will not sympathize in such a case of clerical distress?

Five Miles Above the Earth.

A THRILLING ADVENTURE.

One dull day in August, just after noon, a balloon rose in the air at the foot of Cloet Hills, on the western edge of the central plain of England. It was inflated with the lightest of gases which chemical skill could produce, and it rose with amazing velocity. A mile up and it entered a stratum of cloud more than a thousand feet thick. Emerging from this, the sun shone brightly on the air-ship; the sky overhead was of the clearest and deepest blue, and below lay cloudland—an immeasurable expanse of cloud whose surface looked as solid as that of the earth not wholly lost to view. Lofty mountains and deep, dark ravines, appeared below the peaks and sides of these cloud-mountains next the sun, glittered like snow, but casting shadows as if they were solid rock. Up rose the balloon with tremendous velocity. Four miles above the earth a pigeon was let loose; it dropped down through the air as if it had been a stone. The air was too thin to enable it to fly. It was as if a bark laden to the deck were to pass from the heavy waters of the sea into an inland unsaline lake: the bark would sink at once in the thinner water. Up, up, still higher! What a silence profound! The heights of the sky were as still as the deepest depths of the ocean, where, as was found during the search for the lost Atlantic cable, the fine mud lies as unstirred from year to year as the dust which imperceptibly gathers on the furnitune of a deserted house. No sound, no life—only the bright sunshine falling through a sky which it could not warm.

Up—five miles above earth!—higher than the inaccessible summit of Chimborazo or Dawangiri. Despite the sunshine, everything freezes. The air grows too thin to support life, even for a few minutes. Two men only are in that adventurous balloon—the one steering the air-ship, the other watching the scientific instruments and recording them with a rapidity bred of long practice. Suddenly as the latter looks at his instruments, his sight grows dim; he takes a lens to help his sight; and only marks from the falling barometer that they are testing rapidly. A flask of brandy lies within a foot of him; he tried to reach it, but his arm refused to obey his will. He tries to call on his comrade, who has gone up into the ring above; a whisper in that deep silence would suffice—but no sound comes from his lips—he is voiceless. The steersman comes down into the ear; he sees his comrade in a swoon, and feels his own senses failing him.

He saw at once that life and death hung upon a few moments. He seized or tried to seize the valve, in order to open it and let out the gas. His hands are purple with intense cold—they are paralyzed, they will not respond to his will. He seized the valve with his teeth; it opened a little—once, twice, thrice. The balloon began to descend. Then the swooned marksman returned to conciousness, and saw the steersman standing before him. He looked at his instrument: but now the barometer was rising rapidly; the balloon was descending. Brandy was used. They had been higher above earth than mortal man or any living thing had ever been before. One minute more of action—of compulsory inaction—on the part of the steersman, whose senses were failing him, and the air-ship, with its intensely rarified gas, would have been floating unattended, with two corpses, in the wide realms of space.

AN EDITOR IN A NEW SUIT.—Mr. Clark, editor of the Kendall (Ill.) *Clarion*, is a man who loves a joke, and never lets an opportunity slip that promises a dish of fun. Here is one of his last:

"Disguised.—We have lately got a new suit of clothes, and no man could be more effectually disguised. We look like a gentleman. Upon first putting it on we looked like a cat in a strange garret, and for a long time thought we were swapped off.

"We went to the house and scared the baby almost into fits, wife asked if we wanted to see Mr. Clark, and said he was at the office; went there and pretty soon a man came in with a strip of paper in his hand. He asked if the editor was in; told him we thought not; asked him if he wished to see him particularly; said he wanted him to pay that bill; told him we didn't believe he'd be in; business man left. We started to the house again; met a couple of young ladies, one of them asked the other, "what handsome stranger is that?" In our dilemma we met a friend and told him who we were, and got him to introduce us to our wife, who is now as proud of us as she can be."

THE FREEMAN.

EBENSBURG, PA.,
THURSDAY, : : : : DEC. 24, 1868.

NO PAPER NEXT WEEK.

In accordance with an established custom among country printers, there will be no paper issued from this office next week, as we feel disposed to enjoy a little of the relaxation and pleasure incident to the holiday season. The publisher will be absent and the *Freeman* office closed for a few days, but the editor will be prepared to receive any monies due us in the meantime—or at any other time.

CHRISTMAS.

Readers of the FREEMAN! to you and to all mankind—we wish a Merry Christmas!

On to-morrow you commemorate the day which gave a Redeemer to fallen man!—Eighteen hundred and sixty-nine years ago occurred the most sublime event recorded in the history of the world. While the human race was lost under the decrees of a former dispensation, the manger of Bethlehem contained the Infant Form which gave new life to the world.

Throughout Christendom this holiday has been religiously observed in every age and in every country. And recently our own Legislature has made it a national holiday. It is the season, of all others, which induces the penitent sinner to draw near, in holy contemplation, to our great Mediator, who upon this day commenced his earthly pilgrimage, in compliance with the promise of the Father, to redeem and save a lost and fallen race.

Still, this anniversary is not enjoyed as it was in the "Olden Time." Then was there a heartiness in the merriment, an *abandon* in the enjoyment, which our more formal times is a stranger to. No wonder that in the "Hue and Cry after Christmas" the party exclaims: "But is old, old, good old Christmas gone? Nothing but the hair of his good, gray old head and beard left!—Well, I will have that, seeing I cannot have more of him."

In the language of the old song:

"A man might *then* behold
At Christmas, in each hall,
Good fires to curb the cold,
And meat for great and small.

"The neighbors were friendly bidden,
And all had welcome true,
The poor from the gates were not chidden
When this old cap was new."

Our greatest of American authors, writing of Christmas, says, "Of all the old festivals that of Christmas awakens the strongest and most heartfelt associations. There is a tone of solemn and sacred feeling that blends with our conviviality, and lifts the spirit to a state of hallowed and elevated enjoyment. The services of the church about this season are extremely tender and inspiring. They dwell on the beautiful story of the origin of our faith, and the pastoral scenes that accompanied its announcement. They gradually increase in fervor and pathos during the season of advent, until they break forth in full jubilee on the morning that brought peace and good will to men. I do not know a grander effect of music on the moral feeling, than to hear the full choir and the pealing organ performing a Christmas anthem in a cathedral, and filling every part of the vast pile with triumphant harmony.

"It is a beautiful arrangement, also, derived from days of yore, that this festival, which commemorates the announcement of the religion of peace and love, has been made the season of gathering together of family connections, and drawing closer again those bands of kindred hearts, which the cares and pleasures and sorrows of the world are continually operating to cast loose; of calling back the children of a family, who have launched forth in life, and wandered widely asunder, once more to assemble about the paternal hearth, that rallying place of the affections, there to grow young and loving again among the endearing mementos of childhood.

"There is," our author continues, "something in the very season of the year that gives a charm to the festivity of Christmas. At other times we derive a great portion of our pleasures from the mere beauties of nature. Our feelings sally forth and dissipate themselves over the sunny landscape, and we 'live abroad and everywhere.' The song of the bird, the murmur of the stream, the breathing fragrance of spring, the soft voluptuousness of summer, the golden pomp of autumn, earth with its mantle of refreshing green, and heaven with its deep and delicious blue and its cloudy magnificence, all fill us with mute and exquisite delight, and we revel in the luxury of mere sensation. But in the depth of winter, when nature lies despoiled of every charm, and wrapped in her shroud of snow, we turn for our gratifications to moral sources. The dreariness and desolation of the landscape, the short gloomy days and darksome nights, while they circumscribe our wanderings, shut in our feelings also from rambling abroad, and make us more keenly disposed for the pleasures of the social circle. Our thoughts are more concentrated; our friendly sympathies more aroused. We feel more sensibly the charm of each other's society, and are brought more closely together by dependance on each other for enjoyment.—Heart calleth unto heart; and we drain our pleasures from the deep wells of loving kindness, which lie in the quiet recesses of our bosoms; and which, when resorted to, furnish forth the pure element of domestic felicity.

"The pitchy gloom without makes the heart dilate on entering the room filled with the glow and warmth of the Christmas fire. The ruddy blaze diffuses an artificial summer and sunshine through the room, and lights up each countenance in a kindlier welcome. Where does the honest face of hospitality expand into a prouder and more cordial smile—where is the sly glance of love more sweetly eloquent—than by the winter fireside? And as the hollow blast of wintry wind rushes through the hall, claps the distant door, whistles about the casement, and rumbles down the chimney, what can be more grateful than that feeling of sober and sheltered security, with which we look round upon the comfortable chamber and the scene of domestic hilarity."

Let us then enjoy this festival profoundly grateful to the great "Giver of every perfect gift." Let us forgive our enemies, if enemies we have,—let us make peace with God and man;—and let those who are blessed with plenty not fail to—REMEMBER THE POOR!

A Cheerful Prospect.

From President Johnson's annual message we learn that our *foreign* debt is not less than eight hundred and fifty millions of dollars. At six per cent. the interest on the sum is fifty-one millions of dollars. This enormous amount of interest is every year paid by our people, to the aristocrats of Europe, from whose clutches many of our people sought safety by coming to this country, once the home of the free. Assuming our population to be thirty eight millions, we have about one dollar and thirty-three cents to pay for every individual; so that every family of five persons has every year six dollars and sixty-five cents of their (in many cases) hard earned money to hand over for the benefit of the tyrants of the old world. But it must be borne in mind that this interest is to be paid in gold. At present the premium on gold is about 35 cents on the dollar—a fair average—so that every individual is really taxed for these foreign bondholders not *less* than $1.75 per year, and every average family $8.75.—What a cheerful prospect! And because President Johnson dared to suggest a perfectly fair and honorable method of extinguishing the public debt—a method that had in view the welfare of the people as well as the bondholder—he is bespattered with the dirty slime of malignant Radicalism.

On this subject the President has well said?

"The idea that such a debt is to become permanent should be at all times discarded, as involving taxation too heavy to be borne, and payment once in every sixteen years, at the present rate of interest, of an amount equal to the original sum. This vast debt, if permitted to become permanent and increasing, must eventually be gathered into the hands of a few, and enable them to exert a dangerous and controlling power in the affairs of the Government. The borrowers would become servants to the lenders—the lenders the masters of the people. We now pride ourselves upon having given freedom to four millions of the colored race; it will then be our shame that forty millions of people, by their own toleration of usurpation and profligacy, have suffered themselves to become enslaved, and merely exchange slave owners for new task makers in the shape of bondholders and taxgatherers."

Washington Correspondence.

LETTER NUMBER TWO.

Dear Freeman—I neglected to inform you in my last about the Radical amendments to the Constitution. Some dozen have been already offered, nearly all of them looking towards making a white man's suffrage more difficult, and a negro's more easy. If this Constitution tinkering meets with success, in ten years from this time it will be as difficult to know what the Constitution *is* as it is now to keep up with the legislation of the Rump Congress. Certainly if the sages who framed it were to see it now, as it is patched up to suit Radical convenience, they would not recognize the work of their hands.

Congressman Morrell, the other day, offered a resolution condemnatory of our English Minister, Reverdy Johnson, which was referred. Mr Johnson was still living at last advices.

The "Let us have peace" catch-word of Gen. Grant seems very far from being realized. In truth, they can have no peace in the South so long as the negroes have suffrage and the whites are deprived of it.—Grant *now* says in his report that more troops are needed in the South. Georgia, which is in the Union, even according to Radical theory, is to be re-reconstructed.—The negroes are petitioning for that now, while in North Carolina the prayer is for a continuance of the Freedman's Bureau.

The New York League have been petitioning for a committee to investigate election frauds in that city. A committee of seven has been appointed—five Radicals and two Democrats.

The Tobacconists from every part of the Union are memoralizing Congress to modify the internal revenue laws on Tobacco and Cigars. The tax on this narcotic is fearfully disproportionate when compared with anything else.

The argument in the celebrated Legal Tender cases has just closed before the U. S. Supreme Court. Legal talent of the very highest order had been retained on both sides of the question, and the arguments were full and exhaustive. The Court have as yet given no indication of their decision, and it may not transpire for some weeks, perhaps months.

The Departmental estimates fix the Government expenses for the coming year at the nice little sum of $300,000,000.

A new coinage of *cents* is about to be emitted, and to be followed by calling in the wretched nickel coinage with which we are now pestered. The new coinage will be quite an improvement.

On Wednesday Senator Morton of Indiana made his great speech on financial matters. His views tend to an early resumption of specie payments; yet, though they were enforced with much ability, they did not seem to bring conviction to the majority of the body of which he is a member. Mr. Morton is one of the ablest Radicals on the floor of the Senate. His speech was made in a sitting posture, his lower extremities being paralyzed through the indiscortions of his youth. He had presented a resolution embodying his views, and as other Senators have signified their intention to reply, the subject will be thoroughly ventilated.

Yesterday Senator Dixon of Connecticut made an able reindication of President Johnson's message, which occupied the morning hour.

In the House, Resolutions of Respect, &c., for Hon. Thaddeus Stevens, were offered by his successor, Hon. O. J. Dickey, of Lancaster. Among others, Judge Woodward delivered a eulogy. It is very fortunate that *some* good can be said of almost any one.

Little business of any kind will now be done till after the holidays. I shall keep letting you hear from me regularly.

As Ever, &c., JUNIATA.

The Ohio River Disaster.

SCENES ABOUT THE WRECKS—THE WORK OF RECOVERING THE BODIES—NEARLY A HUNDRED VICTIMS.

A correspondent of *The Cincinnati Commercial* has visited the scene of the late terrible steamboat accident, on the Ohio River, 65 miles above Cincinnati, and gives a very graphic description of the scenes there.—Having described the collision and the burning of the boats, he says.

"Of all those who were on the two burning boats there was one man—and only one man—who saved his trunk. The man was Capt. David Whitten of the steamer America. And Napoleon Jenkins, the pilot of the America, saved his valise. I spent twelve hours at the wreck on Saturday, December 12. The scene may be described in a few words. All that is left of the America is her lower port guard imbedded in the frozen mud along the shore, the skeleton of her port wheel-house leaning on the willow-fringed bank, the ragged metal sheating along her bow, and several tangled fragments of her chimneys. Some of her pantry ware is scattered along the bank. The United States sits square on the bottom of the river, the blacked frames of her wheelhouse still holding erect and together. The muddy river licks the lower half of the name painted on her sides. The bow and stern are out of sight; and covering her submerged lower decks are motley fragments of freight and baggage. There are boxes of paper collars, shreds of clothing, fire-stained culinary vessels, broken shutters, bent iron girders, charred timbers, shattered boxes and gaping barrels The wrecking steamer Graham and a barge are anchored next inside the remains of the United States; and just below is the steamer Underwriter, with huge cranes, chains, and a ponderous diving bell on her forecastle. Along the yellow, frozen bank, 25 or 30 feet high, with its narrow sloping beach to the water, a jeansy string of rustics are squatting on their haunches, absorbing all the sunshine they can, and watching the dragging operations with stolid faces. They flock from far and near to see the *accident* (they emphasize the last syllable,) and would rather freeze than carry a faggot to the fire built to warm the wreckers. With the mercury nearly at zero, the hardiest among the wreckers cannot work more than half an hour at a time.

A row of eleven decent coffins are placed on the beach. One of them contains two bodies—no, only the fragments of two bodies—there is nothing but fragments in any of the solemn array of caskets. In those coffins are deposited the blackened corpses of seven unidentified men, four unidentified women, and one unidentified female child of 10 or 11 years of age. The lids of the coffins with cover the female remains are partially screwed down. Those over the males are loose and whoever dares look on death in its most grisly guise, may lift the seven lids, one after the other, in sickening succession. In every case the feet of the bodies are burned off. Some lack legs and arms None have a recognizable feature left save the ghastly double rows of teeth, and from them the enamel is gone. The fire burned off faces and scalps; sometimes made ashes of the skull; left a few charred rags of flesh where there had been arms, knots of roasted muscles where there had been legs. In all instances the fists have been clenched like the teeth, and the forearms doubled up against the breast—in one case so tightly that though the flesh is but partially roasted off, the bones are wrenched loose at the elbow, and gleam like ivory. In a few sheltered spots on the bodies the flesh is scorched red and veiny, but elsewhere they are black, as if the baked flesh, the naked tendons, and charred bones, had been coated with rusty tar. One of the males was evidently a man of splendid mold and vigor. It is supposed that his body, which even the savagery of the dreadful fire could not wholly mutilate, is that of Rev. Mr. Parvin, of Philadelphia He was a man of notably handsome form; and on such meagre grounds does the talk of identification now rest. There are at the wreck ten or fifteen men who are seeking to recover the remains of lost friends and relatives. What a harrowing errand is theirs to rush anxiously to the bank whenever a black horrible thing is dragged from the river, to judge by a clinging button, a shred of apparel, a tooth, a scar, a ring, or a tuft of hair, if it be some one whom they have loved, whose beauty and buoyant health they have admired. I saw a young Israelite from Pulaski, Tennessee, whose father came to Cincinnati to buy goods, and was a passenger on the United States on the fatal night, conducted to the row of coffins to examine whether the remains of his father lay there. He was not over 17, a quiet, mild youth, with dark, sympathetic eyes. The expression that stormed his face, when the first lid was raised, was indescribably shocking. "My God!" he brokenly murmured, "do they look so?" He gazed at the others vacantly, faintly shivering, like a man in the first assault of ague. The bodies all seemed alike—all equally and unspeakably mutilated—all perished forever from distinguishable mortality, all shut out from the satisfied grief of kindred, and the last holy tribute of affection. The youth sat around the landing the rest of the day like one in a stupor, and when the down boat arrived, departed without a word to anybody.

It is not likely that many more bodies can be identified, and it is equally improbable that many more will be recovered. The wrecks have been dragged and probed, in every portion, over and over again. The bottom of the river has been dragged with long lines, equipped with many fish hooks, and raked with pikes and grappling irons. The submarine diver spent nearly three hours on Saturday in exploding a pile of submerged logs, against which it was supposed some bodies had drifted, and in searching an eddy formed under the sunken outer guard of the America, he found nothing save a black alpaca dress, trimmed with narrow folds of black silk.

Eighty five persons are now known to have been lost on the two steamers, provided none of the 12 bodies remaining unidentified are those of some whose names appear in the list. Taking into consideration the unknown persons who must have perished, the deaths by the disaster cannot fall far short of 100.

—On Wednesday afternoon an accident occurred at Bridgeport, on the Susquehanna; immediately opposite Harrisburg, Pa., resulting in the death of a German named Helspur. He was engaged in unloading coal from a car on the siding of the railroad, and, finding some difficulty in getting open the spring which held up the bottom of the car, went under too far, and the door opening suddenly he was buried beneath the coal.—Workmen were soon busily engaged in removing the accumulated coal, but when the unfortunate man was taken out life was extinct.

—A singular accident occurred near Bronson, Michigan, a few days ago. A man was standing between the train and the wood pile, and was sucked under by the wind of the train, tumbled along, breaking all the ribs on one side, breaking the leg in three places, one arm, and fracturing his skull.—Notwithstanding all his injuries, he is recovering.

News of the Week.

—A dog with two tails is the latest sensation in Harrisburg. Wonder if it is a two or four footed animal?

—A sister of the Reno brothers, with her hand upon the heart of her murdered brother William, swore a terrible oath to revenge his death.

—Mrs. Romaine, wife of Rev. Benjamin Romaine, a minister of the Dutch Reformed Church, committed suicide by hanging at Columbus, Ohio, on Thursday.

—A frightful amphibious beast that kills dogs and chews up men, and is like nothing that was ever seen before, has been seen and hunted near Jerseyville, Illinois.

—Charles O'Connor, Esq., the distinguished lawyer of New York, has been engaged to aid in the prosecution of James Grant for the murder of H. Rivers Pollard.

—A young man named Oliver W. Smith, a brakesman on the Lehigh and Susquehanna railroad, was instantly killed the other day by falling between the cars.

—Dr. Townsend, a radical politician of Chester county, voted an insane man out of the poor house, at the October election, as was proved in court, the other day.

—"How to hang women?" is a question propounded to the Buffalo *Courier*. Bingham, Stanton and Holt, at Washington, are said to have a ready way of doing that business.

—When the railway across the continent of America is concluded the "grand tour" will be round the world, a trip of 22,000 miles to be made in 80 days at a cost of $1,500.

—An experienced paperer states that turpentine, mingled in the paste at the time of papering, is a sure remedy against bugs and insects of all kinds in walls that are papered.

—The libel suit of the Commonwealth vs. W. P. & J. W. Furey, of the *Clinton Democrat*—a Mr. Poorman complainant—tried at Lock Haven last week, resulted in a verdict of acquittal.

—Mary Yarnell, wife of Eli Yarnell, of Willistown, Chester county, fell down stairs the other day, with a lighted coal oil lamp in her hand, and was burned so badly that she died the next day.

—A tank containing about 250 barrels of oil and benzine, on the Miller farm, near Oil creek exploded on Friday last, burning Thos. Knowlton so that he died in a few hours, and seriously injuring Mr. George Bartlett.

—An infallible cure for sprains is said to be dry beans, of any of the ordinary varieties, boiled to the consistency of a poultice, and applied to the sprained place warm. Relief will be immediate and the cure permanent.

—The dead body of a child was found in a street gutter in Cincinnati the other night. It was wrapped in several pieces of brown paper, and on a little piece of white paper pinned to it was written: "Father, bury me; mother has no money. I am twelve days old."

—The editorial fraternity of central Pennsylvania are to hold a convention at Bellefonte, on Friday, January 8, 1869, "for the double purpose of celebrating the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans, and agreeing upon a scale of prices for advertising and job work."

—Dr. McCormick, the reaper man, has refused to pay $25,000, the last installment of a gift of $100,000 to the Old School Presbyterian Theological Seminary at Chicago, because he says, "the concern has been run less as a Theological Seminary than as a manufactory of political preachers of the jacobin persuasion."

—Jacob Hartzell, of Uniontown, says the *Genius of Liberty*, came to his death in the following terrible manner: He was cutting ice from the large water wheel which drives the mill of Mr. Beeson, when by some means the wheel started, and caught him between the stone wall of the mill and the wheel, and he was literally crushed to pieces.

—An accident occurred on the Central Ohio Railroad, near Bellaire, on Thursday, caused by the breaking of the forward truck of the locomotive. The jar broke some flues in the boiler, and the engineer, George Thompson, was scalded to death in his seat. The fireman, Edward Eskell, also met his death by jumping from the wrecked locomotive.

—A Mr. Robert Connor, a negro lecturer, recently declared in Chicago that many of the white people of the North are as much slaves as the Southern negroes were—they are slaves to prejudice, to party, and to the common usages of society—all of which manifests profound wisdom on the part of Mr. Connor, who will henceforth have an indefeasible right to be regarded as a shining light in the party of great moral ideas.

Menard, the Negro Congressman

A negro Congressman named Menard has been elected from one of the districts of Louisiana, and is now in Washington claiming his seat. He holds the certificate of election, but his right to the place is contested by a white man named Hunt. Menard has been admitted to the privilege of occupying a seat upon the floor, but has not been recognized as a member. His certificate has been referred to the Committee on Elections without objection from his Radical friends. The idea is to bury his credentials in this committee, which will never report upon them. This shows the insincerity of the men who are making such a din about equal rights. If they were assured that the admission of Menard to the seat he claims, would not militate against the interests of their party, they would not hesitate a moment to acknowledge his claim. But they snuff the danger at the coming elections which such a course would be calculated to produce, and like the cowardly demagogues they are, they retreat ingloriously from the position they so boastfully assumed. It is all very well, in their estimation, to have the negro vote the radical ticket. So far as casting a ballot for radical candidates is concerned, the African is, without doubt, a "man and a brother." But when he is elected to Congress, by the votes of his fellow Africans, the apostles of political equality spurn him from their side, and quietly and contemptuously ignore his presence. In this instance of radical hypocrisy, let "American citizens of African descent" discern that the pretended anxiety for their political advancement, on the part of certain politicians of the dominant party, is a delusion and a snare. *Ex uno disce omnes.* You will do, Mr. Darkey, to rake the chestnuts out of the fire for radical office-seekers, but you cannot eat any of the chestnuts yourself. You had better hearken to those who tell you that you will get your fingers burnt in the business for which the radical hypocrites intend to make use of you.—*Harrisburg Patriot.*

The palm of superiority is awarded to Mrs. S. A. Allen for her improved (*new style*) Hair Restorer or Dressing, (*in one bottle.*) and a grateful public appreciates the very low price. One Dollar. Every druggist sells it. [dec 17.-1m.

LICENSE NOTICE.—The following petition for Eating House License has been filed in my office, and will be presented to the Judges of the Court of Quarter Sessions at the next Argument Court: Henry Shaffer, Richland township. J. K HITE, Clerk.
Ebensburg, Dec. 10, 1868-3t.

Immediate and Imperative Sale
OF
READY-MADE CLOTHING.

OWING TO CHANGES that have taken place in our firm, by reason of the death of one of the members, it has become absolutely necessary to sell out our entire Stock of

FALL & WINTER CLOTHING.

Rather than send any portion of it to Auction, we will offer it to the people at

Prices Below the Cost of Manufacturing,

and thus clear out our entire Establishment—securing a

QUICK SALE

BY LETTING THE GOODS GO at such rates as will satisfy any reasonable purchaser.

Our immense house is fairly loaded with

GARMENTS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

SUITABLE TO ALL CLASSES—
MADE UP WITH THE UTMOST CARE—
OF THE VERY FINEST MATERIALS—
COMPRISING, IN THE

GENERAL READY-MADE DEPARTMENT

3000 OVERCOATS, made in most fashionable styles, of all kinds of Beavers, Chinchillas, Ineots, &c.
3000 SUITS, Coats, Pants and Vests of the same material—Business, Dress, Traveling, "Indispensible" Suits, &c.
5000 COATS, Chesterfields and Sacs, Morning and Lounging Coats, Frock and Dress Coats, &c
5000 Prs. PANTALOONS, of all materials, and cut on every approved style, Narrow and Nobby, plain and comfortable
6000 VESTS, Velvet Vests, Fancy Cassimere Vests, Cloth Vests, double or single breasted high or low cut.

In the

CUSTOM DEPARTMENT.

Here we have a large assortment of Piece Goods that must be disposed of; to do which we propose for a Few Days to make to order from measure, in our very best style—making a

DEDUCTION OF 15 PER CENT. FOR ALL CASH ORDERS.

Thus we offer Clothing as good in points of STYLE, MATERIAL, FIT and FINISH as can be had in any **MERCHANT TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT,** and at about half the ordinary prices.

In the

Youths' and Children's Department.

This department has been a speciality with us this year. We have had manufactured the largest and best assortment of BOYS' CLOTHING to be found in the city, all of which is now for sale at GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

A RARE OPPORTUNITY TO FIT OUT THE CHILDREN.

BLACK GOODS ROOMS.

MOURNING WEAR—Clerical Garments, Full Dress Suits,
Black Cloth Overcoats, Black Cloth and Doeskin Pants,
Black Cloth and Cassimere Coats, Black Vests.

In the

Gent's Furnishing Department,

any customer purchasing an article of clothing will be allowed a deduction of TWENTY PER CENT. on any additional purchase made in this department.

HANDKERCHIEFS, OVERCOATS, HOSIERY, SHIRTS, COLLARS, &c., &c. &c.

SALE COMMENCES

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 1st.

Store will be opened early and closed late. About SEVENTY-FIVE SALESMEN will be in attendance. Prompt and polite attention will be given to all. No customer will be unsupplied if any reasonable *accommodation of prices* will induce him to buy.

REMEMBER THESE POINTS:

1st. It is the largest and best stock in the city. 2nd It must be all sold NOW. 3d. At prices even below our lowest current rates. 4th That whatever your size or shape, you can be fitted. 5th. The goods are so elegant and the prices so low, that it will pay you to lay in a stock of clothing for the next few years.
6th. That you may never have another such chance.

OUR NECESSITY IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY!

WANAMAKER & BROWN,
OAK HALL BUILDINGS,
S. E. Cor. Sixth and Market Sts.,
Dec. 3, 1868.-tf. **PHILADELPHIA.**

The Last Growth of Success.

Mrs. S. A. ALLEN'S
IMPROVED
HAIR RESTORER
FAVORITE
HAIR DRESSING
New Style in one Bottle

will quickly restore Gray Hair to its natural color and beauty, and produce luxuriant growth. It is perfectly harmless, and is preferred over every other preparation by those who have a fine head of hair, as well as those who wish to restore it. The beautiful gloss and perfume imparted to the Hair make it desirable for old and young.

For Sale by all Druggists.
DEPOT, 198 GREENWICH ST., N. Y.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR

BAILEY, FARRELL & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS OF
LEAD AND BLOCK TIN PIPE,
SHEET AND BAR LEAD,
AND ALL KINDS OF
Plumbers', Gas and Steam Fitters' Materials,
No. **167** SMITHFIELD STREET,
PITTSBURGH, PA.
☞Send for a Price List [nov.19.-5m.

FOR RENT—A House and two Lots of Ground, with Stable and other outbuildings, belonging to the estate of M C. M'Cague, dec'd, (now occupied by Fred'k Kittell.) Possession given immediately.
Apply to GEO. HUNTLEY,
Ebensburg, Nov. 19, '68.-tf. Guardian.

DR. TAYLOR'S
OLIVE BRANCH
BITTERS.

A mild and agreeable TONIC STIMULANT, STOMACHIC and CARMINATIVE

BITTERS,

Extracted entirely from HERBS and ROOTS.

Highly beneficial in

Dyspepsia,
General Debility,
AND LOSS OF APPETITE;

and an excellent CORRECTIVE for persons suffering from Disorders of the Bowels, Flatulence, &c., &c.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

DEPOT, NO. 415 MARKET STREET
PHILADELPHIA.
J. K. TAYLOR & CO.

STEAM FIRE-PROOF SAFES.

SANBORN'S PATENT has been demonstrated, by the most thoroughly practical tests, to be vastly superior in fire proof qualities to any other makers, (being water in copper tubes hermetically sealed,) preventing completely any evaporation and is the driest safe in use. The patent can be applied to any safe. Before purchasing elsewhere call and examine, or send for pamphlet containing the certificates of trials with all other makers safes.
American Steam Fire Proof Safe Company.
300 Broadway, New York.
Nov. 12, 1868 -3m.

10,000 PRIME CIGARS just received at M L Oatman's, one door east of "Freeman" office. Also, a large stock of the best brands of Chewing Tobacco. Cigars at wholesale prices.

A MISERABLE LIFE

Is that of the dyspeptic. Why suffer when Roback's Blood Purifier and Blood Pills will surely cure you? They can be obtained from any druggist.

An Ounce of Preventive

Is worth a pound of cure. Fever and Ague can be prevented in all climates and in all constitutions by the constant use of Roback's Stomach Bitters, and oft times the very worst cases have been cured by their timely use. Persons living in malarious districts should never be without them.

FOUND

That, after repeated trials of other remedies, Roback's Stomach Bitters, Blood Purifier and Blood Pills are the best medicines extant to cure the diseases for which they are recommended.

INDIGESTION

Is but another name for Dyspepsia, and the parent of many ills. Roback's Stomach Bitters taken in wine glass full doses, directly after each meal, will surely effect a permanent cure. Do not take our word for it, but try them.

MARRIED

Ladies, who, during certain periods are so much troubled with Costiveness or Constipation, can find certain relief in Roback's Blood Pills, which can be taken during all stages of pregnancy with perfect safety.

SCROFULA

And all diseases of the blood, and all cruptive diseases of the skin, Old Sores, Tumors and Ulcers, arising from whatever cause, can be permanently cured by the use of Dr. Roback's Blood Purifier and Blood Pills.

UNPRINCIPLED

Dealers often recommend other bitters because they have not Roback's. We desire to caution the afflicted against purchasing any of them; buy Roback's Stomach Bitters, and none other, if you would combat disease successfully.

WANTED,

All persons troubled with Costiveness or Constipation of the Bowels to buy Roback's Blood Pills. They contain no mercury, are purely vegetable, and work like a charm; can be taken with safety by persons of all ages and in all conditions of life.

WHO SELLS THEM:

The Agents for the sale of Roback's Blood Pills, Stomach Bitters and Blood Purifier are Messrs LEMMON & MURRAY, Sole Agents, Ebensburg, Pa.

ROHRER'S WILD CHERRY
TONIC BITTERS
ARE THE
BEST IN USE!

USE ROHRER'S TONIC BITTERS,
The very best in the Market

R. P. SELLERS & CO.,
No. 43 Wood St., opposite St. Charles Hotel,
Also, Entrance Nos. 102 & 104 Third St.,
PITTSBURGH, PA.,
☞Wholesale Agents for the West.

For sale by A. A. BARKER for Ebensburg and vicinity [le 11.'68-1y.

FOR SALE.—The undersigned offers for sale the FARM on which they now reside, situate in Allegheny township, Cambria county, within two miles of Loretto, (formerly owned by James McAteer,) containing ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-SEVEN ACRES, more or less, 100 Acres of which are cleared—the balance well timbered. There is erected on the premises a good DWELLING HOUSE and splendid BARN, together with other necessary outbuildings, such as Blacksmith Shop, Corn Crib, Sheep House, &c.; also, an excellent ORCHARD of choice fruit. Title perfect. For terms apply on the premises to
B. & C. SHIELDS.
Loretto P. O., Aug. 20, 1868.-tf.

HOLLIDAYSBURG SEMINARY.
A Boarding School for Young Ladies.

Rev. JOSEPH WAUGH, A. M., Principal.
CARL F. KOLBE, Prof. of Music, French and German.
Competent Assistants in other Departments.
None but experienced and successful Teachers are employed in this Institution.
Healthful and Beautiful Situation
Building elegant and complete in all its parts.
Supplied with Gas, Water, Bath Rooms, Wardrobes, and all home comforts.
Next Session opens January 13th, 1869.
Hollidaysburg, Nov. 12, 1868 3m.

ELECTION OF DIRECTORS OF THE "PALO ALTO IRON CO."—Notice is hereby given that the Stockholders of the Capital Stock in the "Palo Alto Iron Co." will meet on MONDAY, DECEMBER 28TH, 1868, between the hours of 8 and 9 o'clock P. M., at their office in the Borough of Pottsville, Pa., for the purpose of electing a Board of FIVE Directors for said corporation, to serve until the next annual election
J. F. PETERY, Sec'y.
Pottsville, Nov. 26, 1868.-4t.*

THE FREEMAN.

THURSDAY, : : : DEC. 24, 1868.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

CAMBRIA COUNTY TEACHERS' INSTITUTE, *First Day's Proceedings.*—The second annual session of the Cambria County Teachers Institute convened in the Court House in Ebensburg, on Monday, December 21st, 1868, at the call of the County Superintendent, T. J. Chapman. The meeting was called to order at 11½ A. M., by the Co. Supt., who is President *ex officio*. After an able address by Mr. Chapman, the organization was completed by the election of Mr. J. F. Maloy as Vice President, Mr. Thomas W. Brookbanke as Secretary and Miss Rose Griffin as Assistant Secretary. The hours of opening and closing the session of the Institute were arranged as follows: Open at 9 A. M., and close at 12; open at 2 P. M., and close at 4½; open at 7 P. M. and close after the evening exercises shall been performed. Twelve o'clock having arrived, the Institute adjourned.

In the afternoon the roll of teachers was called, and forty responded to their names. The question "In Written Arithmetic should pupils be required to learn the rules?" was discussed by Messrs. Kerr, Chapman, Cope, Brookbanke and Lynch. At the close of the discussion the question was put to the Institute and decided in the affirmative. Another question, "Should corporal punishment be entirely done away with in our schools?" was discussed by Messrs. Kerr, Chapman, Schell and Cope. This was also put to the Institute, and was decided in the negative, after which the Institute adjourned.

In the evening, Sup't Chapman read an interesting report on Primary Education and Rev. Mr. Kerr made some remarks on Elocution, illustrating them by reading certain abstracts from familiar pieces. Mr. Kerr also read several selections, which were received with applause by the audience.

Second Day's Proceedings.

The Institute came to order on Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock. Prof. Burtt, of Pittsburgh, was introduced by Supt. Chapman and made a few general remarks. Mr. F. S. Maloy, of Millville, then read a report on Written Arithmetic, which was discussed by Messrs. Burtt and Cope. This was followed by an address on Primary Education by Mr. Burtt. The subject was continued by Rev. Mr. Kerr. Rev. Mr. Schell then made a few remarks concerning the duty of teachers to work earnestly and zealously.—Mr. Burtt presented some additional thoughts on Primary Education, after which the Institute adjourned until afternoon.

At 2 P. M. business was resumed by the Association. Sixty-five members were present at roll call. J. P. Wickersham, State Superintendent of common schools, was introduced to the audience and delivered a few well chosen remarks on the condition and management of schools and school buildings. Mr. Kerr then conducted a class drill in Grammar. The question, "Should whispering be allowed in schools?" was discussed at length by Mr. Burtt, after which another, "If a pupil is suffering from cold, should he be permitted to go to the stove during school hours?" was discussed by Mr. Cope. Mr. F. S. Maloy then conducted a class drill in Written Arithmetic, after which the Institute adjourned until 7 o'clock P. M.

In the evening Prof. Wickersham delivered an eloquent and earnest address on the advantages of Education, which was attentively listened to by a large and appreciative audience. At its conclusion the Institute adjourned until this (Wednesday) morning.

BRIEF MENTION.—The Teachers' Institute has brought to our town quite a number of intelligent and handsome young ladies, commonly known as "school marms," and if some of our young bachelor friends don't take advantage of the occasion to secure a helpmate for life, all we have got to say is that they don't deserve such a blessing.——Our Branch Railroad has been cleared of the snow, and trains have been running regularly on it since Friday evening last.——Henry Laughner, a watchman on the Pa. R. R., was run over and killed by a freight train, at Penn station, on Saturday night week.——Hon. Thomas Collins and lady have been sojourning among their relatives and friends in this place for the past few days.——Baker Evans attempted to get on a freight train at Blair Furnace, a few days since, and fell and fractured his wrist and otherwise injured himself severely.——A large wild cat was recently killed in Franklin township, Westmoreland county.——Dr. Fennimore, of Washington county, and his two step-sons got into a dispute on the 4th inst., which culminated in Fennimore attempting to strike one of the boys with an axe, when the latter drew a revolver and shot Fennimore twice, from the effects of which he died on the following evening.——An unknown woman was found drowned in the canal at Huntingdon, on Wednesday last, but how she got into the canal remains a mystery. She had been begging money and clothing, which she gave to two men who accompanied her, but whether she committed suicide or was drowned by the men who were with her are only matters for conjecture.——A German named John Hehlen, employed by the Pa. R. R. Co., was run over and instantly killed by the Lock Haven freight train at Tyrone, on Friday last. He leaves a wife and five children in Germany.——Christian Swiler, a brakesman on the Bellefonte freight, fell through the bottom of a coal car, on Tuesday, while the train was in motion, and was instantly killed.——A young lady named Howe, 17 years of age, who was but 36 inches high, weighed only about 20 pounds, and never spoke a word in her life, died in Altoona on the 12th inst.

NARROW ESCAPE.—Mr. Philip M'Donald of this place visited Cresson, on Saturday last, with a horse and sleigh, and while there his horse, becoming frightened at an approaching train, ran away, and when about to cross the track in front of two trains moving in opposite directions, the horse fortunately wheeled suddenly about, upset the sleigh and threw Mr. M'Donald out, and ran a distance of three miles before it was checked. Had the horse continued on in the direction it first started, it all probability it would have been run into by one or both the trains, and very likely Mr. M'Donald and the horsh would both have been killed.

THE COMING CONCERT.—The grand vocal and instrumental concert under the auspices of the Mountaineer Base Ball Club, and of which we have already spoken, will postively come off at the Court House, on Tuesday evening, January 12th, 1869,—one week from the time heretofore announced. This postponement has been made in order to afford more time for preparation, and we are assured that the choir have determined to give our citizens an entertainment which will be a credit to themselves and a source of gratification and enjoyment to all who attend. Of course our citizens will give them a rousing benefit.

THE MAILS.—Ebensburg, the county seat of Cambria county, a thriving borough containing some 2,000 souls, is, or should be, entitled to the same mail facilities as other ther towns of like importance. Yet, under the management, or *mis*-management of the "powers that be" our rights have not unfrequently been disregarded.

There is a point on the Pa. R. R. known as Cresson, and at this point there is a post-office, and Mr. Brown, an agent of the Pa. R. R., is post-master.

The Ebensburg Branch is sometimes snowed up. That was the case during the present December storms. Still there was a contract for delivering the mails at Ebensburg, and that contract *should have been* complied with, as Ebensburg is the point at which the mails for thirty miles north-east, north and north-west, are made up.

On Tuesday the 8th of December, the Ebensburg Branch was blockaded by snow, and continued so for ten days. No mails appeared from the point of departure (Cresson) on the P. R. R., and Northern Cambria, so far as ordinary mail facilities were concerned, was *frozen in*. Our energetic postmaster, Rees J Lloyd, Esq., appreciating the position, procured a party to carry the mail through. That party breasted the storm, levelled the road, went through to Cresson, and delivered the mail. Strangely enough, the agent of the Pa. R. R., who is also post-master at Cresson, refused to give the mail to the Ebensburg carrier, who had opened the way, but at more than double the expense, for reasons best known to himself, procured a new carrier on the now beaten track.

This course of action was all the more strange as the same difficulties had occurred for several years previous, and had always been relieved *only* through the enterprise at the Ebensburg end of the route. *Then*, probably, no special interest prevailed. *Now* it seems that the *point* is everything—the *people* nothing.

If the Department see proper, in the plenitude of their power, to ignore the only means by which Northern Cambria, and the neighboring communities, could receive a mail, still the faithful and energetic postmaster at Ebensburg has the the consolation of knowing that he has faithfully performed an important public duty, and that he is entitled to, and will receive the warmest thanks of an intelligent people.

COURT PROCEEDINGS.—In addition to the criminal cases disposed of in our County Court, as reported in our last issue, the following business was transacted in the Common Pleas previous to the adjournment of Court of Saturday morning last:

Leidy's Adm'x *vs.* Joel Simmons—Ejectment. Plaintiff nonsuited.

Bloodgood's Ex'rs *vs* Morrison's Ex'rs—Scire facias to revive judgment. Jury find for plaintiff in the sum of $230.05.

Nicholas Altimus *vs.* James R. Cooner—Action fo Assumpsit. Fenlon and Johnston & Scanlan for plaintiff. Kittell and Kopelin for defendant.

S. S. Christy *vs* A. J. Christy—Action for assumpsit. Rhey Kopelin and Johnston & Scanlan for plaintiff. Shoemaker, Linton and Scott for defendant. Verdict for defendant.

Francis A. Storm *vs.* Pa. R. R Co.—Action for damages for injuries sustained while a passenger on the road. Fenlon and Johnston & Scanlan for plaintiff. Pershing and Scott for defendant. Verdict for plaintiff for $2,000.

SENTENCES.

Farner, for horse stealing and larceny, was sentenced to 2 years and 9 months' imprisonment in the Penitentiary; Andrew Slick, for horse stealing, to 2 years and 3 months' imprisonment, and John Launy, for larceny, was sentenced to 2 years in the same institution.

HONEST men are easily bound, but you can never bind a knave.

The largest stock of choice candies in Ebensburg can be found at M. L. Oatman's cheap grocery and variety store.

Keep no more cats in the house than will catch mice.

The largest and most luscious oysters ever brought to Ebensburg can be bought at M L. Oatman's—only fifty cents per half can

WAR makes thieves, and Peace hangs them.

Atwood's celebrated mince meat, acknowledged to be with,out a superior, is kept only by M. L. Oatman.

Time is a file that wears and makes no noise.

Raisins, prunes, citron, cider, apples, and other ingredients for holiday pies and puddings, can be bought cheaper from M. L. Oatman than from any other dealer in the community.

Fools and obstinate people make lawyers rich.

For the freshest groceries and the greatest bargains be sure to go to M. L. Oatman's first class establishment on High street, Ebensburg.

A kind wife makes a faithful husband.

SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.—*Mutual Rescue from Drowning.*—Under this caption a late Philadelphia paper gives the following particulars of a most singular coincidence, in which the name of Capt. G. Nelson Smith, formerly editor of the now defunct Johnstown *Mountain Echo*, and at one time member of the State Legislature from this county, appears as an actor:

One of the most singular coincidences we have ever recorded will be found detailed below. A few weeks ago Capt John M. Browning, Custom House Inspector and Boarding Officer, rescued Mr. G. N. Smith from drowning in the Delaware, after great personal risk and exertion. On Saturday last Capt. Browning himself fell into the Delaware, and singular to relate, his friend G N Smith intrepidly sprang into the river, saving Mr. Browning from what seemed to be certain death. Can these gentlemen now call "quits"?

CHOICE CONFECTIONS.—We were requested to put in a flaming advertisement about Mr. A. H. Faller's immense stock of good things, but found it impossible to attend to it this week. Still we trust that no one will forget that this is the night on which little stockings are to be filled in order that little hearts may be made happy to-morrow morning, and not forgetting this they should remember that Mr. Faller has the most complete stock of the finest candies, candy toys, raisins, figs, nuts, gum drops, and all other sweetmeats, ever brought to Ebensburg, and which he is determined to sell at exceedingly low prices. Store in west end of Cambria House, on High street.

FIXING UP.—C. T. Roberts has arranged his beautiful and extensive stock of toys, fancy goods, gift books, etc., for his holiday sales, and as his establishment is the great mart in this vicinity for such articles, every taste can be pleased and every want supplied from his immense and elegant assortment. Holiday gifts for big folks and little folks can be bought at right prices from Cham.

LECTURE.—It is said that "*Nasby Jr.*" is to deliver a lecture onto Astronomy before the Teachers' Institute now in session. We bet it will be *rich, rare* and *racy*. Won't our Wilmore correspondent come up and hear him?

Local Correspondence.

FRIEND TRAUGH.

Mr. Editor—Please give the Hollidaysburg *Standard* my thanks and a turkey for its *puff*. The *Freeman has* good correspondents—that's so. But then I am a reader of the *Standard* and I know that its editors itemize local affairs in the *most best* manner possible. Besides, it is right on the *goose*. Henry Clay said, "It is better to be right than to be President." I say so too, friend Traugh.

THE LONGEST POLE.

Somebody said that the longest pole knocks the persimmons. That's so too. There was a *colored* lecturer here last week, the name of *Day*, that made *darkness* to be *light*. No wonder, for he was *day*. Some one said that he was a *white* man painted to suit the occasion. Be this as it may, he knocked the spots off all the *white brethren* in this vicinity. Preachers, lawyers, doctors, and stone masons, all knocked under. He was the devil on two sticks. His lectures were three, and his three subjects were 1st, Darkies; 2d, White Darkies; 3d, Dark Whites. He tried the church, and it war too little. He tried the Hall and it war too little too. He drew a bigger crowd than *Sanford* and the *soap man* put together. He expatiated on the sublunar atmosphere, and the hieroglyphics of the ancient Egyptians, and Moyses. He demonstrated the compound analysis of hybrids and the pure unadulterated blacks. He dwelt on the millenium and the "saints rest," till he drew forth several crocodile tears. Oh Lly!

THE NEXT THING.

The next thing that I am going to say, is that the Branch Road being open, the Teachers' Institute will be a grand *De'Affair*. All the problems in Matthew Matticks and Al. Gebra will be personated, and the *clew* to the *cat's paw* will be fully elucidated. It is a great thing to be a good scholar!

ABOUT TOWN

Sleighs are predominating. Furs are on the increase. The Grecian Bend don't take. We have some fast horses. The New Steel Works are nearly under roof. The Cambria Iron Company has built a mountain of cinders around Woodvale, to keep off the ice. There are two night schools in a flourishing attitude in Johnstown. Several weddings have made proposals which have been accepted. Wild Cat water is still the rage. Pork and beef visited town on last Saturday. The woollen factory of Mr. Byron is still ahead of all competitors. The other factory is doing well. Mr. Byron takes the *La Crosse*, which gives him the prominence. Conemaugh Station is a business place. On last Saturday I counted twenty five engines and three hundred freight cars, all stopping there to take in *refreshments*. It was a *refreshing* sight. Skating is on the *wane* and the ice has its *shingle* up for New Orleans. There are many strangers in town, evidently preparing for the holidays. The "Cambria Dramatic Alliance" held forth in the Union Hall on last Saturday night, to a full house.

OUR SCHOOLS.

There were eleven hundred and eighty-five pupils in the Johnstown schools last session. The per cent. of attendance was 89. Millville has in attendance five hundred and fifty. The per cent. is 87. Conemaugh borough has four hundred. The per cent. is 81. Cambria borough has four hundred and fifty. The per cent. is 75. Prospect borough has one hundred and twenty in attendance. Per cent. 73. Three regiments of pupils can be raised about Johnstown.

OUR FIRE DEPARTMENT.

The Fire Company has devised certain signals so that when a fire breaks out, the members will know in what Ward it is. A *signal* success!

SCIENCE AHEAD.

It is a great thing to know something now-a-days. A teacher from Croyle township came to town just to get me to solve the following problem. If a *hundred* dollars be spent for a *hundred* head of cattle, sheep and hogs, at fifty cents a heg, three dollars a sheep and ten dollars a cow, how many of each will it buy? I solved the mystery immediately, but the *answer* was *wrong*, and so I referred *him* to the Teachers' Institute.

EDUCATION.

The schools of Johnstown closed last week with a great deal of *auspices*. The teachers deserve *exultation*, and the Directors should be *embalmed*—that is when they die. The Superintendent should be *uplifted*, according to the true Irish idiom of rising higher.

THE SOLUTION.

Lest the teacher from Croyle should become discouraged, I will undertake to solve his *conundrum*. Take the one hundred dollars and buy two hundred hogs. Then trade off one hundred and fourteen hogs for nineteen sheep, not *Lambs*. You will then have eighty-six hogs and nineteen sheep, equal to one hundred and five animals. Then trade six of these animals off for a cow, and you have it! That is, take three and one fifth hogs, equal to one dollar and sixty cents, and two and four-fifth sheep, equal to eight dollars and forty cents, wich equals a cow worth ten dollars. Then add the cow to the balance, and you have a hundred animals, *dead* or *alive*. But Mr. Croyle may object, and say that I killed and quartered, or fifthed the animals. Beg pardon, sir. I only *imagined* that I killed and fifthed them. But Mr. Croyle objects again, and asks, "what kind of an animal would one-fifth of a hog and four-fifths of a sheep make?" We leave the Institute to answer that question, premising that there are many just such animals in the United States, who can *vote* with white men. We will now give Croyle a question: Suppose there is an ocean on the moon two thousand miles wide, how high will the tide rise?

BIG TIMBER.

Any quantity of *shook*, ties, and lumber, was brought into town last week during the good sledding. The quantity *shook* my faith as to the stability of human transactions. Hay came in, too, in equal quantities every *wet* day. It is no crime to sell wet hay, if it gets wet accidentally, but it puts a *damper* on the buyer.

THE CATHOLIC FAIR.

This Fair will be held in the Union Hall, commencing on Wednesday evening, Dec. 23d, and lasting till after the New Year. Several articles will be voted for, such as saddles, bridles, harps, cake baskets, tea sets, etc. The most popular "boss" at *our* works gets one; the most beautiful lady another; a Protestant minister another; a popular priest another, &c. Miss Rose Quinn will have charge of the post office. Anybody can get a letter by paying the postage. The *funniest* man in town is to get something. I expect it is a *thrashing*. The German Catholics hold the Fair for the benefit of the new church, about going up, and which will be the largest edifice of the kind in town. Come one—come all.

THE INSTITUTE.

I am afraid I am crowding on your elbow, as the Institute will require a large local notice. I hope the *Institute* well, and trust it will *constitute* an era in education. Let no *destitute* teacher neglect to go—or, at least, send a *substitute*; and when there let him not *prostitute* his talents in idle discussions. The State should *restitute* the loss the teacher's sustain, by *attending*, if *intending* to do right, but not for *contending*. The *subtending* of angles and the *extending* of lines may do, but the *distending* of nostrils in making hideous speeches is wrong and useless, while *pretending* to be somebody when one is nobody, is *portending* of disastrous results, both to the individual and to the Institute. MACSHANE, JR.

JOHNSTOWN, Dec. 21, 1868.

DEATH OF MRS. JOHN G. MILES.—The subjoined obituary notice we take from the *Presbyterian*. We were acquainted with the deceased lady, and, like all who enjoyed that pleasure, we admired her sprightly intelligence and her Christian virtues. Mrs. Miles resided in Cambria county at an early day, and married her now afflicted husband while residing in the Glen Connell house, in 1824. Her sorrowing partner has our sincere sympathy.

Died, at Huntingdon, Pa., on the 2d instant, Mrs. JULIA M. MILES, wife of John G. Miles, Esq. Mrs Miles was born at Blockley, at the country-seat of her father, on the 10th of September, 1793. She was the only daughter of Major Mathew McConnell, who served with distinction in the war of the Revolution, from 1775 to the disbanding of the army in 1783, except when disabled from active duty in the field, in consequence of a severe wound received at the battle of Brandywine. Her mother, Ruth Hall, resided at Philadelphia during the Revolution, where she and her sister, afterwards wife of Alexander Fullerton, (the first,) so distinguished themselves in their exertions to relieve our suffering soldiers, that they received the thanks of the Continental Congress. Mrs. Miles was, in many respects, a remarkable woman. Possessed of great energy, with a fine intellect and cultivated taste, sprightly and genial in conversation, there was a charm in her society which was exceedingly attractive. Her leading characteristic was unselfishness. Her heart was always open to any appeal from the poor or suffering, and she was foremost in all benevolent enterprises, especially those of the Presbyterian Church, of which, for more than a quarter of a century, she was a consistent member. During the rebellion she took a lively interest in the welfare of our soldiers; and, as a member of the "Aid Society," rendered efficient service. Her reading, especially in early life, was extensive and thorough; and having an extraordinary memory, there was scarcely an important event in history of which she could not give a detailed and satisfactory account, correct in date and every important particular. Since the year 1824 she has resided, with her husband, in Huntingdon. She was the mother of seven children, three of whom survive her. One of her sons, John Blanchard, the Colonel of the 49th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, was killed at Spotsylvania, on the 10th of May, 1864. he last years of her life were years of bodily infirmity and suffering, which she bore with Christian fortitude. She died without pain, and is gone, it is humbly trusted, to be for ever with the Lord.

"NO CUSTOMER MUST BE ALLOWED TO LEAVE THE STORE UNSUPPLIED."—That is one of the orders given at Oak Hall, Philadelphia, for the present crisis. Not that the salesmen are to be rudely importunate, or to try to over-persuade any one, but that such pains shall be taken and accomodation made on prices that *all* will, of their own free accord, desire to buy. It is in many respects unfortionate to have to interrupt the regular course of their fall and winter business which was so brisk and heavy; yet the misfortune of the death of a partner is unavoidable, and one compensation which the house will receive for its present sacrifice of goods will be many new customers who will be first brought to Oak Hall by this opportunity of making a good trade.

"HEARTH AND HOME" is a weekly illustrated Agricultural and Fireside Journal *sixteen handsome pages*, devoted to the interests of Farmers, Gardners, Fruit-Growers, and Florists. Edited by Mr. Donald G. Mitchell, assisted by a large corps of practical Agriculturalists. The *Fireside Department* edited by Harriet Beecher Stowe, assisted by Mrs. Mary E. Dodge, with Grace Greenwood, Madame Le Vert and other able contributors. Terms for 1869: Single copies $4, invariably in advance; 3 copies $10; 5 copies $15. Any one sending us $45 for a club of 15 copies (all at one time), will receive a copy free. A specimen copy of the first number sent free. Address Pettengill, Bates & Co., Publishers, 37 Park Row, New York.

TWO WEEKS.—It will be two weeks from this date before another issue of the *Freeman* greets its many patrons, but in the meantime we trust that all our friends will bear in mind that the stove, hardware, tinware and grocery emporium of Geo. Huntley is the place to buy any and all articles in his line of trade at just as low prices as they can be bought anywhere in the State. The best cooking and heating stoves manufactured are kept by Mr Huntley, and the largest and most varied assortment hard ware, tinware, etc., to be found in Cambria county, is always in store at the mammoth establishment. Patronise Mr. Huntley and you will save money and get entire satisfaction,

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS.—May everybody enjoy a happy Christmas, and may peace and plenty abound among all classes and communities. May the rich give to the poor, and may those who wish to make a little money being a great deal of happiness and many store goods, go at once to the cheap mercantile emporium of H. A. Shoemaker & Co.'s who have a stock particularly suited for haliday sales, and who give as much for the same amount of money as any dealers in the State. See Harry and save money.

DEMOREST'S MONTHLY.—Every lady wishes for at least one magazine, and husbands and fathers can find no other in the whole range of periodical literature that will prove so useful, so welcome, or so good an investment as Demorest's. It is fashionable without being frivolous, full of good, sensible suggestions, and of really valuable information in regard to dress, the household, and whatever pertains to woman's work. Send for it—the price is merely nominal, $3, with an honest premium. Published at 473 Broadway, New York.

AT no time of the year does the human heart expand to greater dimensions than during the holidays, and as we are now on the eve of that expansion, it is just in place to say that those beautiful new goods which Vallie Barker visited the East to buy, and selected with so much taste, have been received and opened for the inspection of all comers, and that they will be sold at very low prices simply because buyer and seller both feel particularly happy at this joyous season.

CHASTE AND ELEGANT.—Any lady desiring to purchase a dress pattern or other article of wearing apparel, can scarcely fail to be pleased with the choice selection of goods of every description offered for sale at the store of J. Patton Thompson. If there is any style of goods particularly desirable Thompson is always sure to have it, and having it, he is always willing to sell at the most moderate prices.

NEW SCHEDULE.—The railroad company has out a new schedule, and so has L. Cohen & Brother, "New York Clothing Hall," Main street, Johnstown. The fare is reduced ten per cent. while the new made up clothing is ten per cent. better than ever was made heretofore.

YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

CHARADE NO. 12.

ORIGINAL.

A Roman orator that served the State;
A Macedonian, sometimes called the Great;
An aged patriarch before the flood;
A patriot that shed great Caesar's blood;
One of the first inhabitants of Rome;
One of the names for mighty Hector's home;
A Grecian hero, wounded in the heel;
Take these *initials*, and they will reveal
A county in this State, of virtues rare,
Where all the men are brave—the women fair.

CHARADE NO. 11.

SELECTED.

The Indian lover burst
From his lone cot by night;
When Love hath lit my *first*
In hearts by Passion nursed,
Oh! who shall quench the light?

The Indian left the shore;
He heard the night wind sing,
And cursed the tardy oar,
And wished that he could soar
Upon my *second's* wing.

The blast came cold and damp,
But, all the voyage through,
I lent my lingering lamp,
As o'er the marshy swamp
He poddled his canoe.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES—No. 10, Blacklick; No. 11, Rain-bow.

YOUNG AMERICA FOR JANUARY.—There is always a great hurrah among the children when Young America arrives. Its stories, its puzzles, its pictures, possess an irresistible attraction, and induce lots of boys and girls to beg at bed-time for just "half an hour more." The January number is the third issue since the enlargement, and is one of the most interesting and attractive that has been published. Parents and teachers should bear in mind that it is the only juvenile periodical that confines itself to sketches of an absolutely truthful, natural character. Publication Office, 838 Broadway, N. Y. At $1.50 yearly.

ALL THE RAGE.—The ladies have evidently found out where to buy what they need at the most reasonable prices, for only last week Mr. R. R. Davis received two dozen of beautiful cloth skirts, and now he has but one of them left. He has ordered more of them, however, and is determind to supply every lady who calls with these handsome and comfortable articles, as well as with all other goods for personal and household use.

GRANT says that he will not give an office to any one who asks for it, and Leopold Mayor, Johnstown, says he will sell goods to any one who asks for them. Dry goods of every style, fancy goods, furs, and winter goods generally. Good goods, cheap goods, fashionable goods, choice goods. Then go to Mayor's New York dry goods store, Main street, near Market.

THE FOSTER HOUSE.—When you go to Johnstown during the holidays enquire for the Foster House, kept by Wm. Linton, Esq. Any man, woman or child who eats a dinner at the Foster House will get the worth of his money in the choice substantials of life, which are after all, the best "body guard" people can have.

THE SNOW, THE SNOW.—That is what the people call the white mantle which covers the earth. If any one wants a mantle to cover himself withal, let him go to J. J. Murphy's clothing store, Johnstown, sign of the "Star," and get a new suit of clothes for the holidays. He keeps on Clinton street.

OH CALL! OH CALL!—O. K. Hall, or Oak Hall Clothing store, Johnstown, is the place to get one's money back. Leopold & Brother sell splendid well made clothing, at their store on Main street, half distance between Franklin and Clinton streets. See Oak Hall on the awning.

NO STRONGER TESTIMONY cou'd be given than the following from the "News," Shippensburg, Pa.:

A WORD TO THE AFFLICTED.

We desire to bring to the notice of the afflicted, as well as to all persons who are anxious of preserving their health unimpaired, the merits of HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS. This medicine has been before the public for many years. It has withstood all test- to which patent medicines are exposed, and instead of being driven out of the market as most of them are, it has continued to gain favor with the people, until it has become the most popular medicine in the country. Our observations as to the merits of this Bitters warrants us in recommending it to all. It will strengthen and invigorate the entire system, giving tone and healthy action to all its parts. But more especially would we recommend it to all persons afflicted with Dyspepsia, most cases of which we believe it will speedily cure, if the directions accompanying the bottle be complied with. Try it at once.

THIS BITTERS IS ENTIRELY FREE FROM ALL ALCOHOLIC ADMIXTURE.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC is a combination of all the ingredients of the Bitters, with pure Santa Cruz Rum, orange, anise, &c., making a preparation of rare medical value. The Tonic is used for the same diseases as the Bitters; in cases where some Alcoholic Stimulus is necessary. Principal Office, 631 Arch St., Philad'a, Pa. Sold by Druggists and others everywhere. [dec.24-1m.

Cause and Effect.

Colds are the effect of obstructed perspiration The symptoms are so generally understood, that nothing need be said on that point. But colds are easily taken, and unless great care is exercised a second cold will often be contracted, or in other words, one cold will be run into another, and a confirmed cough ensue, bringing on straining and racking of the lungs, and the production of tubercles. Although many thousands of persons are drifting through these symptoms towards pulmonary diseases of a dangerous character, yet the majority think that they are troubled with nothing but an ordinary cold, which will remedy itself and pass away. Fatal delusion—the rock on which many a life has been lost. See to it at once that your cold is attended to. Use MISHLER'S HERB BITTERS, the most potent remedy ever discovered for Colds and Coughs, and a certain protection against the danger of taking them, if it is used two or three times a day as a tonic.

CONSTITUTIONAL DIFFERENCES—There are many constitutions so inherently defective in energy as to derive great benefit from a moderate use of pure liquor combined with such vegetable medicines and extracts as enter into the composition of Roback's Stomach Bitters, and there are many situations in which even the healthiest derive additional security from their occasional use.

If healthy persons are exposed to unusual and continued exertion in confined air, or under the heat of the sun, or to the influence of depressing watchfulness of traveling, ond change of diet and water, or if residents of malarious districts or the rank river bottoms of the West and South, there can be no doubt but a careful use of ROBACK'S STOMACH BITTERS with the food would surely be the means of warding off actual disease and enabling them to bear unaffected, where, without the Bitters, they would likely have to succumb to disease. They strengthen, tone and invigorate, aid digestion and increase the appetite.

OUR NEW FAMILY

SEWING MACHINE!!

The superior merits of the "Singer" Machines over all others, either for Family use or Manufacturing purposes, are so well established and so generally admitted, that an enumeration of their relative excellences is no longer considered necessary.

OUR NEW FAMILY MACHINE,

which has been brought to perfection regardless of time, labor, or expense, is now confidently presented to the public as incomparably the BEST SEWING MACHINE IN EXISTENCE.

The machine in question is SIMPLE, COMPACT, DURABLE and BEAUTIFUL. It is quiet, light running, and CAPABLE OF PERFORMING A RANGE AND VARIETY OF WORK never before attempted upon a single Machine, using either Silk, Twist, Linen or Cotton Thread, and sewing with equal facility the very finest and coarsest materials, and anything between the two extremes, in the most beautiful and substantial manner. Its attachments for Hemming, Braiding, Cording, Tucking, Quilting, Felling, Trimming, Binding, &c., are NOVEL and PRACTICAL, and have been invented and adjusted especially for this Machine.

New designs of the Unique, Useful and Popular Folding Tops and Cabinet Cases, peculiar to the Machines manufactured by this Company, have been prepared for enclosing the new Machine.

A faint idea, however, can at best be conveyed through the medium of a (necessarily) limited advertisement; and we therefore urge every person in quest of a Sewing Machine by all means to examine and test, if they can possibly do so, all the leading rival Machines before making a purchase. A selection can then be made understandingly. Branches or agencies for supplying the "Singer" Machines will be found in nearly every city and town throughout the civilized world, where Machines will be cheerfully exhibited and any information promptly furnished. Or communications may be addressed to

The Singer Manufacturing Company,
458 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK,
PHILADELPHIA OFFICE, 1106 CHESTNUT STREET.

☞C. T. ROBERTS, Agent for Ebensburg and vicinity, keeps these Machines constantly for sale at his store on High street The public are respectfully invited to call and see them in operation. Instructions given free. Machines sold at city prices. NO FREIGHT CHARGED Also, Singer's Needles, Oil, Silk and Cotton always on hand. [aug 20-1y.

To Consumptives.

The advertiser, having been restored to health in a few weeks by a very simple remedy, after having suffered several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease, Consumption, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it he will send a copy of the Prescription used (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a SURE CURE for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c. The only object of the advertiser in sending the Prescription is to benefit the afflicted, and send information which he conceives to be invaluable; and he hopes every sufferer will try his remedy, as it will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing. Parties wishing the Prescription will please address

REV. EDWARD A. WILSON,
165 South Second St., Williamsburg, Kings County New York. [Nov.12, 68-1y.

HORNICK & GEIS.—Peter Hornick and John Geis have opened a shoe store in a room on Main street, Johnstown, next door to Adams Express office, and directly opposite John Dilcet's store. It is called the "Boston Shoe Store," and really has the choicest assortment of shoes in town. (They promise an advertisement in a week or two.) They also sell leather and shoe findings of all kinds. We never saw better or cheaper gaiters, shoes and boots than they have for sale, from a child's foot up to a giants boot. Give them a call when in town.

DIED.

CRISTE.—At his residence in Munster township, Cambria county, on Monday, the 14th inst., Mr. John Criste, in the 86th year of his age.

The deceased was born at McSherrystown, Adams county, on the 17th July, 1783, and emigrated to Cambria county in the Spring of 1802. He belonged in his old home to what was known as the Conewago congregation, and was one of those who followed the "Pilgrim of the Alleghenies" to the Mountain. He became a pious and useful member of Father Gallitzin's congregation, and was an ardent admirer of that great and good man as long as he lived.

Mr. Criste was the father of sixteen children, fifty-eight grand-children, and twenty-one great-grand-children. Eight of his immediate descendants attended his funeral, the oldest and youngest of his children among them. His life was long and eventful, and he lived and died a good citizen and good Christian. May he rest in peace.

MURRAY.—At the residence of Mrs Lewis, in this place, on Wednesday, Dec. 15th, Mrs. Catharine Murray, aged about 73 years.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—Jacob Fronheiser vs. Isaac C Singer.—In the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria Co. No. 15, December Term, 1868. Fi Fa. 6th November, 1868. property sold for $300 10th December, 1868, Deed acknowledged.

And now, 14th December, 1868, on motion of Samuel Singleton, Esq., Geo. W. Oatman, Esq., appointed Auditor to report distribution of proceeds of Sheriff's sale From the Record Certified 14th December, 1868

(L S) J. K HITE, Proth'y.

I will sit at my office in Ebensburg, on Friday, the 15th day of January, 1869, at 2 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of attending to the duties of the above appointment, when and where all parties interested must attend, or be debarred from coming in for a share of the fund

GEO W. OATMAN, Auditor
December 24, 1868.-3t.

DISSOLUTION.—The partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, engaged in the Lumber business in Washington township, Cambria county, under the firm name of McFadden & Vaughn, was dissolved by mutual consent on the 5th instant. The books are in the hands of S. P. McFadden, Hollidaysburg, to whom all payments should be made. S. P. McFADDEN,
B. F. VAUGHN.
Cresson, Dec. 17, 1868.-3t.

CAUTION.—All persons are hereby cautioned against interfering in any way with the following described property, which I have bought from James W. Delozier and left with him during my pleasure:—Two bay mares, one five and the other four years old last spring. The left hind foot of the five year old mare is white. JOHN NAGLE, JR.
Clearfield Tp., Dec. 10, 1868 3t.

DEMOREST'S YOUNG AMERICA Enlarged. It is the best Juvenile Magazine. Every Boy and Girl that sees it says so; all the Press say so; and Parents and Teachers confirm it. Do not fail to secure a copy. A good Microscope, with a Glass Cylinder to confine living objects, or a good two bladed pearl Pocket-Knife, and a large number of other desirable articles, given as premiums to each subscriber. Yearly $1.50. Publication Office—838 Broadway, New York Try it, Boys and Girls. Specimen copies, 10 cents, mailed free.

DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE, universally acknowledged the Model Parlor Magazine of America, devoted to Original Stories, Poems, Sketches, Household Matters, Gems of Thought, Personal and Literary Gossip (including special departments on Fashions), Instructions on Health, Music, Amusements, &c., by the best authors, and profusely illustrated with costly engravings, useful and reliable Patterns and Embroideries, and a constant succession of artistic novelties, with other useful and entertaining literature.

No person of refinement, economical housewife, or lady of taste, can afford to do without the Model Monthly. Specimen copies, 15 cts., mailed free. Yearly $3, with a valuable premium; two copies, $5 50; three copies, $7.50; five copies, $12, and splendid premiums for clubs at $3 each, with the first premiums to each subscriber. ☞A new Bartram & Anton Sewing-Machine for 20 Subscribers at $3 each. Publication Office, 838 Broadway, New York. Demorest's Monthly and Young America together $4, with the premiums for each.

PACIFIC RAIL ROAD

NEARLY FINISHED.

1450 MILES BUILT!

THE UNION PACIFIC R. R. CO.

AND THE

CENTRAL PACIFIC RAIL ROAD CO.

Have added Seven Hundred (700) Miles to their lines during the current year, while doing a large local passenger and freight business—The through connection will undoubtedly be completed next summer, when the through traffic must and will be very great. Forty thousand men are now employed by the two powerful companies in pressing forward the great national highway to a speedy completion. Only 300 miles remain to be built, of which 200 are graded and ready for the rails.

First Mortgage Gold Bonds of the Union Pacific Railroad Company for sale at par, and First Mortgage Gold Bonds of the Central Pacific Railroad at 103 and interest.

The principal and interest of both bonds are payable in gold.

DE HAVEN & BROTHER,

DEALERS IN

Government Securities, Gold, &c.,

No. 40 S. Third Street,

PHILADELPHIA.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE!—By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of the County of Cambria, the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of George Bruce, late of Allegheny township, in said county deceased, will expose to sale at the house of Wm. Callan, at Cresson, on SATURDAY, THE 9TH DAY OF FEBRUARY NEXT, at 2 o'clock P. M. the following Real Estate of which the said Geo. Bruce died seized, situate in the township and county aforesaid, viz:

PURPART No. 1—Beginning at a cherry, corner of lands of Thomas Parrish and heirs of Francis Gallaher, thence by land of said Thos. Parrish, north

"No Room for Loafers."

These words recently met our eyes as we passed a workshop in this city.—"No room for loafers." Sure enough there is no room for loafers anywhere in this working world. They are not wanted in the busy workshop, nor in the editor's sanctum; they are a nuisance in the country store, spitting and spewing about the stove, and at the post office and street corners are in everybody's way. They are forever out of place—except when in the almshouse or jail. A dead weight upon society, they are a hindrance and a bore. They form no part of nature's plan; it abhors them, as it does a vacuum. While all the world around is going forward, they are standing still, or rather gliding imperceptibly backward into seedy vagabondism. A loafer soon grows rusty. It is only use which keeps our faculties bright, and the idle man gets dull stupid, stolid and muddy-headed.

Yet some of these fellows seem to think very well of themselves. You will see them strutting along the sunny side of the street, lounging at corners, or hanging about the doors of the hotels, with fine clothes upon their backs, and a well satisfied smirk upon their vacant countenances. The poor creatures look down upon a poor working man as a being of inferior order! No doubt the drones affect to despise the busy bees, until they are driven from the hive to starve, while the workers feast upon the honey. A loafer setting himself above the man who labors with his hands! Why, he is as far beneath him as, in the order of creation, the sloth is beneath the common horse. A young mechanic, in his working dress, and with his tools in his hands, is every way a more agreeable object than the best dressed loafer in existence. There is always room for *him*. He is never out of place, for he is keeping step with the movement of the universe. He has an aim, a purpose, and he stands for something. His faculties are trained to use, and he is of value to the world for what he can do. The skilled workman is to the idle man what the manufactured article is to the raw material. He has an additional value above that of mere manhood.

DEATH.—Men seldom think of the great event of death until the shadow falls across their own path, hiding forever from their eyes the traces of the loved ones whose living smiles were the sunlight of their existence. Death is the great antagonist of life, and the cold thought of the tomb is the skeleton of all feasts. We do not want to go through the dark valley, although its passage may lead to paradise; and, with Charles Lamb, we do not want to lie down in the muddy grave, even with kings and princes for our bed fellows. But the fiat of nature is inexorable. There is no appeal or relief from the great law which dooms us to dust. We flourish and we fade as the leaves of the forest, and the flower that blooms and withers in a day has not a frailer hold upon life than the mightiest monarch that ever shook the earth with his footsteps. Generations of men appear and vanish as the grass, and the countless multitude that throngs the world to day will to-morrow disappear as the footsteps on the shore.

In the beautiful drama of Ion, the inspirer of immortality, so eloquently uttered by the death devoted Greek, finds a deep response in every thoughtful soul. When about to yield his young existence as a sacrifice to fate, his beloved Clemanthe asks if they shall not meet again, to which he replies: "I have asked that dreadful question of the hills that look eternal—of the clear streams that flow forever—of the stars, among whose fields of azure my raised spirit had walked in glory. All were dumb. But while I gaze upon thy living face I feel that there is something in the love that mantles through its beauty that cannot wholly perish. We shall meet again, Clemanthe."

HOW TO COOK A BEEFSTEAK.—A beefsteak ought always to be broiled to be the nicest; but the following method of cooking is recommended by a lady writer on the subject, which even those who are accustomed to frying may be willing to try: "The frying pan being wiped very dry, place it upon the stove, and let it be come hot, very hot. In the meantime mangle the steak—if it chance to be sirloin so much the better—pepper and salt it, then lay it on the hot, dry pan, which instantly cover as tight as possible. When the raw flesh touches the heated pan, of course it seethes and adheres to it, but in a few seconds it becomes loosened and juicy. Every half minute turn the steak; but be careful to keep it as much as possible under cover. When nearly done lay a small piece of butter upon it, and if you want much gravy add a tablespoonful of strong good coffee. In three minutes from the time the steak first goes into the pan it is ready for the table. This method of cooking makes the most delicious, delicately broiled steak, full of juice, yet retaining the healthy beefy flavor that any John Bull could require. The same method may be applied to mutton chops, only they require a little longer cooking to prevent them from being rare. An excellent gravy may be made for them by adding a little cream, thickened with a pinch of flour, into which, when off the fire and partly cool, stir in the yolk of an egg well beaten."

EVERYBODY BUT BOB.—A very little boy, after giving everybody a good night kiss, kneeled at his mother's side to say his evening prayer. He repeated, "Now I lay me down to sleep," etc., and continued, "God bless papa and mamma, and make them good Christians; God bless little Jimmie, and make him a good boy." His mamma, "God bless everybody."—At this last sentence he was silent. His mother repeated it a second, and a third time, when he raised his head and said: "Everybody but Bob, mamma. Bob drowned my cat to-day."

10,000 PRIME CIGARS just received at M L Oatman's, one door east of "Freeman" office. Also, a large stock of the best brands of Chewing Tobacco. Cigars at wholesale prices.

L. L. LANGSTROTH'S
PATENT MOVABLE COMB BEE HIVE!
PRONOUNCED THE BEST EVER YET introduced in this County or State. Any person buying a family right can have their Bees transferred from an old box to a new one. In every instance in which this has been done the result has been entirely satisfactory, and the first take of honey has invariably paid all expenses, and frequently exceeded them. Proof of the superior merits of this invention will be found in the testimony of every man who has given it a trial, and among the number are the gentlemen named below, and their experience should induce every one interested in Bees to
BUY A FAMILY RIGHT!
Henry C Kirkpatrick, of Carroll township, took 106 pounds of surplus honey from two hives, which he sold at 35 cents per pound.
Adam Deitrich, of Carroll township, took from two hives 100 pounds of surplus honey.
James Kirkpatrick, of Chest township, took 60 pounds of surplus honey from one hive.
Jacob Kirkpatrick, of Chest township, obtained 72 pounds of surplus honey from one hive, worth not less than $21, and the right cost him only $5.
Peter Campbell from one hive obtained 36 pounds of surplus honey at one time.
☞ Quite a number of similar statements, authenticated by some of the best citizens of Cambria county, could be obtained in proof of the superior merits of Langstroth's Patent Movable Comb Bee Hive.
Persons wishing to purchase family rights should call on or address
PETER CAMPBELL,
Nov. 5, 1868.-tf. Carrolltown, Pa.

M. L. OATMAN,
DEALER IN
CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES
CONSISTING OF
Double Extra Family Flour,
GRAIN, FEED,
BACON, SALT, FISH,
FRESH VEGETABLES,
ALL KINDS OF FRUITS,
SUGARS, TEAS, COFFEES,
SYRUPS, MOLASSES, HEESE, &c.
Also, a large stock of the
Best Brands of Cigars and Tobacco.
STORE ON HIGH STREET,
Four Doors East of Crawford's Hotel,
Ebensburg, Pa.

ANDREW MOSES,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
SUPPEE'S BUILDING, CLINTON ST., JOHNSTOWN,
HAS just received his fall and winter stock of fine French, London and American CLOTHS, CASSIMERES and VESTINGS, and a full assortment of Gent's FURNISHING Goods.
Mr. Moses has been for eight years cutter at Wood, Morrell & Co.'s establishment, and now desires to inform his friends and the public generally that he has commenced business in Supee's building, on Clinton street, with a stock of goods adapted to the fall and winter, which he is prepared to make up in the latest styles and at moderate prices for cash hoping by attention to business to merit a share of public patronage, and maintain that success which has heretofore attended his efforts in producing good fitting garments. Give him a call.
Johnstown, Sept. 2, 1868. tf.

New Firm---New Goods.
THE undersigned, having given his son, J. E Shields, an interest in his store, the business will hereafter be conducted under the firm name of P. H. Shields & Co., and as we are determined to sell Goods cheap for cash, or exchange for grain, lumber or produce, we hope by strict attention to business to merit a liberal patronage from a generous public.
Having determined to settle up my old books of thirty years standing, I now ask those indebted to me to come forward and make settlement on or before the 1st day of December, 1868. P. H. SHIELDS.
Loretto, Oct. 15, 1868. tf.

TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT REMOVED.—The subscriber would respectfully announce to his customers and the citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity generally, that he has removed to the new building on Centre street, opposite the Mountain House and adjoining the law office of Geo. M Reade, Esq and is now not only prepared to manufacture all goods which may be brought to him but is supplied with a fine line of CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, VESTINGS, &c., which he will make to order in the best style and at the lowest prices. Feeling confident of giving entire satisfaction, I hope for an increased patronage in my new location. D. J EVANS.

QUEEN OF ENGLAND SOAP
For doing a family washing in the best and cheapest manner. Guaranteed equal to any in the world! Has all the strength of old rosin soap with the mild and lathering qualities of genuine Castile. Try this splendid Soap. Sold by the ALDEN CHEMICAL WORKS, 48 N Front Street, Philadelphia. [sep.2 1y.

W. F. ALTFATHER,
MANUFACTURER
And Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
HAVANA AND DOMESTIC CIGARS,
PLUG AND FINE CUT
Chewing and Smoking Tobacco.
Snuff, Pipes, Snuff Boxes & Cigar Cases.
AT THE SIGN OF THE INDIAN,
MAIN STREET. - - - JOHNSTOWN.

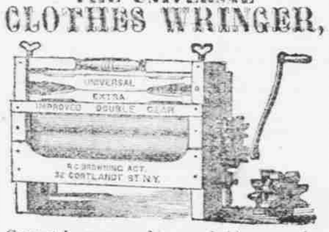
GREAT BARGAINS!!!
Will be sold at a great sacrifice, if sold soon, a number of
THRESHING MACHINES, PLOUGHS,
POINTS and other FARMING IMPLEMENTS, and CASTINGS.
COME AND SEE, FARMERS,
and you cannot fail to purchase.
Ebensburg, July 30, 1868. E. GLASS.

JOHN GAY. . . . . WM. WELSH
GAY & WELSH,
Successors to Gay & Painter,
WHOLESALE
Grocers and Commission Merchants,
AND DEALERS IN
FLOUR, PRODUCE, FISH, SALT, CARBON OILS, &c., &c.,
302 LIBERTY STREET, - PITTSBURGH.

M. L. OATMAN,
EBENSBURG PA.,
Is the sole owner of the Right to Manufacture and sell
THE UNEQUALLED
METROPOLITAN OIL!!

1868. FALL TRADE. 1868.
I am now prepared to offer
SUPERIOR INDUCEMENTS
TO CASH PURCHASERS OF
TIN, SHEET-IRON & COPPER WARE.
EITHER AT
WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.
My stock consists in part of every variety of
Tin, Sheet-Iron,
COPPER AND BRASS WARES,
ENAMELLED AND PLAIN
SAUCE-PANS, BOILERS &c.,
COAL SHOVELS, MINE LAMPS, OIL CANS, HOUSEFURNISHING HARDWARE OF EVERY KIND.
Spear's Anti-Dust
HEATING AND COOKING STOVES,
EXCELSIOR COOKING STOVES,
NOBLE, TRIUMPH AND PARLOR COOKING STOVES,
And any Cooking Stove desired I will get when ordered at manufacturer's prices.—Odd Stove Plates and Grates, &c., for repairs, on hand for the Stoves I sell; others will be ordered when wanted. Particular attention given to
Spouting, Valleys and Conductors,
all of which will be made out of best materials and put up by competent workmen.
Lamp Burners, Wick and Chimneys
WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.
I would call particular attention to the Light House Burner, with Glass Cone, for giving more light than any other in use. Also, the Paragon Burner, for Crude Oil.
SPENCER'S SIFTER!
It recommends itself.
SUGAR KETTLES AND CAULDRONS
of all sizes constantly on hand.
Special attention given to
Jobbing in Tin, Copper and Sheet-Iron.
at lowest possible rates.
WHOLESALE MERCHANTS' LISTS
now ready, and will be sent on application by mail or in person.
Hoping to see all my old customers and many new ones this Spring, I return my most sincere thanks for the very liberal patronage I have already received, and will endeavor to please all who may call, whether they buy or not.
FRANCIS W. HAY.
Johnstown, March 7, 1867.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES
TO CASH BUYERS!
AT THE EBENSBURG
HOUSE-FURNISHING STORE.
The undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Ebensburg and the public generally that he has made a great reduction in prices to CASH BUYERS. My stock will consist, in part, of *Cooking, Parlor and Heating Stoves*, of the most popular kinds; *Tinware* of every description, of my own manufacture; *Hardware* of all kind, such as Locks, Screws, Butt Hinges, Table Hinges, Shutter Hinges, Bolts, Iron and Nails, Window Glass, Putty, Table Knives and Forks, Carving Knives and Forks, Meat Cutters Apple Parers, Pen and Pocket Knives in great variety, Scissors, Shears, Razors and Strops Axes, Hatchets, Hammers, Boring Machines, Augers, Chissels, Planes, Compasses, Squares, Files, Rasps, Anvils, Vises, Wrenches, Rip, Panel and Cross-Cut Saws Chains of all kinds, Shovels, Spades, Scythes and Snaths, Rakes, Forks, Sleigh Bells, Shoe Lasts, Pegs, Wax Bristles, Clothes Wringers, Grind Stones, Patent Molasses Gates and Measures, Lumber Sticks, Horse Nails, Horse Shoes, Cast Steel, Rifles, Shot Guns, Revolvers, Pistols, Cartridges, Powder, Caps, Lead, &c., Old Stove Plates, Grates and Fire Bricks, Well and Cistern Pumps and Tubing; *Harness and Saddlery Ware* of all kind; *Wooden and Willow Ware* in great variety; Carbon Oil and Oil Lamps, Fish Oil, Lard Oil, Linseed Oil, Lubricating Oil, Rosin, Tar, Glassware, Paints, Varnishes, Turpentine, Alcohol, &c.
FAMILY GROCERIES,
such as Tea, Coffee, Sugars, Molasses, Syrups, Spices, Dried Peaches, Dried Apples, Fish, Hominy, Crackers, Rice and Pearl Barley; Soaps, Candles; TOBACCO and CIGARS; Paint, Whitewash, Scrub, Horse, Shoe, Dusting, Varnish, Stove, Clothes and Tooth Brushes, all kinds and sizes; Bed Cords and Manilla Ropes, and many other articles at the lowest rates for CASH.
☞ *House Spouting* made, painted and put up at low rates for *cash*. A liberal discount made to country dealers buying Tinware wholesale. GEO. HUNTLEY
Ebensburg, Feb. 28, 1867.-tf.

THE UNIVERSAL
CLOTHES WRINGER,


Cannot be surpassed or equaled by any other Wringer for durability. Till the expiration of the patent for the "COG WHEEL REGULATOR," or "STOP-GEAR," *no other Wringer is licensed under this Patent.* It being universally conceded that Cogs are necessary to prevent the Rolls from being broken or torn loose, many attempts have been made to get a Cog-Wheel arrangement which shall equal the UNIVERSAL, and yet avoid the "Stop-Gear," but *without success.* For sale by GEO. HUNTLEY.
Ebensburg, May 7, 1868. 1y.

LADIES' FANCY FURS!

AT
JOHN FAREIRA'S
old established
FUR MANUFACTORY,
No 718 ARCH St.,
above 7th, PHILA.
Have now in store of my own Importation and Manufacture, one of the largest and most beautiful selections of
FANCY FURS,
for Ladies' and Children's Wear, in the City. Also, a fine assortment of Gents' Fur Gloves and Collars.
I am enabled to dispose of my goods at very reasonable prices, and I would therefore solicit a visit from my friends of Cambria county and vicinity. Remember the Name, Number and Street!
JOHN FAREIRA,
No 718 ARCH St., ab. 7th, south side, Phila.
October 2, 1868. 4m.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS,
AND
HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC,
Prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, Philadelphia. Their introduction into this country from Germany occurred in
1825.
THEY CURED YOUR
FATHERS AND MOTHERS,
And will cure you and your children. They are entirely different from the many preparations now called Bitters or Tonics. They are no tavern preparation, or anything like one; but good, honest, reliable medicines. They are
The greatest known remedies for
Liver Complaint,
DYSPEPSIA,
Nervous Debility,
JAUNDICE,
Diseases of the Kidneys,
ERUPTIONS OF THE SKIN,
and all Diseases arising from a Disordered Liver, Stomach, or
IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD.
Constipation, Flatulence, Inward Piles, Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried or Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a Lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, etc., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil and Great Depression of Spirits.
All these indicate disease of the Liver or Digestive Organs, combined with impure blood.

Hoofland's German Bitters
is entirely vegetable, and contains no liquor. It is a compound of Fluid Extracts. The Roots, Herbs, and Barks from which these extracts are made are gathered in Germany. All the medicinal virtues are extracted from them by a scientific chemist. These extracts are then forwarded to this country to be used expressly for the manufacture of these Bitters. There is no alcoholic substance of any kind used in compounding the Bitters, hence it is the only Bitter that can be used in cases where alcoholic stimulants are not advisable.

Hoofland's German Tonic
is a combination of all the ingredients of the Bitters, with pure Santa Cruz Rum, Orange, etc. It is used for the same diseases as the Bitters, in cases where some pure alcoholic stimulus is required. You will bear in mind that these remedies are entirely different from any others advertised for the cure of the diseases named, they being scientific preparations of medicinal extracts, while the others are mere decoctions of rum in some form. The TONIC is decidedly one of the most pleasant and agreeable remedies ever offered to the public. Its taste is exquisite. It is a pleasure to take it, while its life-giving, exhilarating, and medicinal properties have caused it to be known as the greatest of all tonics.

DEBILITY.
There is no medicine equal to Hoofland's German Bitters or Tonic in cases of Debility. They impart a tone of vigor to the whole system, strengthen the appetite, cause an enjoyment of the food, enable the stomach to digest it, purify the blood, give a good, sound, healthy complexion, eradicate the yellow tinge from the eye, impart a bloom to the cheeks, and change the patient from a short-breathed, emaciated, weak, and nervous invalid, to a full-faced, stout, and vigorous person.
Weak and Delicate Children are made strong by using the Bitters or Tonic. In fact, they are Family Medicines. They can be administered with perfect safety to a child three months old, the most delicate female, or a man of ninety.
These Remedies are the best
Blood Purifiers
ever known, and will cure all diseases resulting from bad blood. Keep your blood pure; keep your Liver in order; keep your digestive organs in a sound, healthy condition, by the use of these remedies, and no disease will ever assail you. The best men in the country recommend them. If years of honest reputation go for anything you must try these preparations.

FROM HON. GEO. W. WOODWARD,
Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.
PHILADELPHIA, March 16, 1867.
I find "Hoofland's German Bitters" is not an intoxicating beverage, but is a good tonic, useful in disorders of the digestive organs, and of great benefit in cases of debility and want of nervous action, in the system.
Yours truly,
GEO. W. WOODWARD.

FROM HON. JAMES THOMPSON,
Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.
PHILADELPHIA, April 28, 1866.
I consider "Hoofland's German Bitters" a valuable medicine in case of attacks of Indigestion or Dyspepsia. I can certify this from my experience of it. Yours, with respect,
JAMES THOMPSON.

FROM REV. JOSEPH H. KENNARD, D. D.,
Pastor of the Tenth Baptist Church, Philadelphia.
DR. JACKSON—DEAR SIR:—I have been frequently requested to connect my name with recommendations of different kinds of medicines, but regarding the practice as out of my appropriate sphere, I have in all cases declined; but with a clear proof in various instances, and particularly in my own family, of the usefulness of Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I depart for once from my usual course, to express my full conviction that for general debility of the system and especially for Liver Complaint, it is a safe and valuable preparation. In some cases it may fail; but usually, I doubt not, it will be very beneficial to those who suffer from the above causes.
Yours, very respectfully,
J. H KENNARD,
Eighth, below Coates street.

CAUTION.
Hoofland's German Remedies are counterfeited. The genuine have the signature of C. M. Jackson on the front of the outside wrapper of each bottle, and the name of the article blown in each bottle. All others are counterfeit.

Price of the Bitters, $1 00 per bottle; Or, a half dozen for $5 00.
Price of the Tonic, $1 50 per bottle; Or, a half dozen for $7 50.
The tonic is put up in quart bottles.
Recollect that it is Dr. Hoofland's German Remedies that are so universally used and so highly recommended; and do not allow the Druggists to induce you to take anything else that he may say is just as good, because he makes a large profit on it. These Remedies will be sent by express to any locality upon application to the
PRINCIPAL OFFICE,
AT THE GERMAN MEDICINE STORE,
No. 631 ARCH STREET, Philadelphia.
CHAS. M. EVANS,
Proprietor,
Formerly C. M. JACKSON & CO.
These Remedies are for sale by Druggists, Storekeepers, and Medicine Dealers everywhere.
Do not forget to examine well the article you buy, in order to get the genuine.
☞ For Sale by R. J. LLOYD. Druggist, Ebensburg Pa. Post-26-1y.

BEYOND COMPETITION!
ESTABLISHED 1856.
THE OLDEST
DRUG STORE
IN CAMBRIA COUNTY.
C. T. FRAZER
Keeps constantly on hand the
LARGEST,
CHEAPST
AND BEST
ASSORTMENT OF GOODS PERTAINING TO THE
DRUG BUSINESS
In the County, which he offers
AT WHOLESALE OR RETAIL
TO THE TRADE AND PUBLIC
AT LOWEST RATE!!
C. T. FRAZER.
Franklin Street,
(OPPOSITE MARKET HOUSE.)
JOHNSTOWN, PENN'A.

GEIS & REUTH,
Johnstown, Pa.,
BOOKSELLERS, STATIONERS
AND BOOK BINDERS
MANUFACTURERS OF BLANK BOOKS
PORTE-MONAIS, PAPER BOXES
AND LOOKING GLASSES.
Looking Glass and Picture Frames always on hand, and made to order. A large and most complete assortment of Drawing Room and Miscellaneous Pictures, consisting of Chromos, Paintings in Oil, Steel Plate Engravings, Plain and Colored Lithographs, Oil Prints, Photographs and Wood Cuts.—This collection embraces a selection of large sized match pictures of Landscape and Domestic Scenes and Portraits, and 5,000 different varieties of Card Photographs of prominent men, comic and sentimental scenes and copies of subjects by celebrated artists. We have also a varied assortment of BIBLES, PRAYER, HYMN and SCHOOL BOOKS, HISTORIES, BIOGRAPHIES, NOVELS, &c. Religious Prints and Emblems in great variety, and the largest and most complete stock of STATIONERY ever brought to this county. 500 new and beautiful styles of WALL PAPER, including an assortment of Potter's celebrated English make, for which we are sole agents in this locality. These Wall Papers are handsomer in design, superior in finish, and 2½ inches wider than any other make.
The citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity are respectfully notified that we make BOOK BINDING and the manufacture of BLANK BOOKS a speciality. All work promptly executed at moderate rates.
☞ Store on corner of Clinton and Locust streets, immediately opposite Foster House. Johnstown, Oct 24, 1867.-tf.

CHAIR MANUFACTORY.
WM. P. PATTON,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.
ALL KINDS OF CHAIRS,
such as common Windsor Chairs, Fret Back Chairs, Vienna Chairs, Bustle Chairs, Rim Backed Chairs, Sociable Chairs,
Cane Seat Chairs,
ROCKING CHAIRS, OF EVERY SIZE
SPRING SEAT CHAIRS
Settees, Lounges, &c., &c.
CABINET FURNITURE
of every description and of latest
STYLES, WITH PRICES TO SUIT THE
Tastes of all.
Thankful for past favors, he respectfully solicits a liberal share of public patronage. Clinton Street, Johnstown Cambria Co. Pa. [Jan. 31, 1867.

A WORD FROM JOHNSTOWN!
JOHN J. MURPHY & CO.,
Have constantly on hand a large and well selected stock of seasonable
Dry Goods, Boots, Shoes, Groceries,
and a general variety of NOTIONS, &c.—Their stock consists of almost every article usually kept in a retail store, all of which have been selected with care and are offered at prices which cannot fail to prove satisfactory. Call and examine for yourselves.
Feb. 28, 1867.-tf. $8*

HARVEY CHILDS. . . . LOWRIE CHILDS.
H. CHILDS & CO.,
Wholesale Dealers in
BOOTS, SHOES, AND SOLE LEATHER,
133 WOOD STREET,
PITTSBURGH, PA.
Agents for the sale of "Hope Mill" Cotton Yarn, Bags, Batting and Carpet Chain.
Feb. 28, 1867.-tf.

A. C. DIBERT,
WITH
BOKER & BROTHERS,
Manufacturers, and Wholesale Dealers in
CITY AND EASTERN MADE
BOOTS AND SHOES,
No. 432 MARKET STREET,
Below Fifth, South Side, - PHILAD A.

WHOLESALE
JANNEY & ANDREWS,
123 Market St.
PHILADA.
GROCERS

PETER SIDES,
WITH
HICKMAN, HOLL & CO.,
WHOLESALE TOBACCO DEALERS,
S. E. Cor. Third & Market Sts.,
Jan. 22, 1867. PHILADELPHIA

GRAFF, WATKIN & CO.,
Wholesale Dealers in
BOOTS AND SHOES,
No. 512 MARKET STREET,
FLEM. HOLLIDAY. PHILAD'A.

BACK TO FIRST PRINCIPLES
BOOTS AND SHOES
OF MY OWN MANUFACTURE.
WHAT I MAKE I CAN WARRANT
After an experience of more than a year in the sale of Eastern made work, during which time I have expended more than the profits in repairing rips and tares, I have determined to come back to first principles and henceforth confine myself to the manufacture of BOOTS and SHOES for Men, Youths, Ladies and Misses, and am now better prepared than ever to give entire satisfaction in my business.
I have at present in my employ a competent corps of workmen, and can say without fear of contradiction that I can turn out as neat and substantial Boots and Shoes at as MODERATE PRICES as can be made anywhere in the State I am having Boots made of the finest French Calfskin, and within the past month or two have had orders pouring in upon me from all quarters for this kind of work. The material in these Boots is the best to be found in the market, and the workmanship, both in neatness and strength, cannot be excelled at any other establishment in the country.
MY TRAIN ALWAYS ON TIME!
All work will be ready for delivery at the time promised. Weddings, visits and other interesting or important occurrences need not be postponed through any failure on my part to come to time.
Good work and moderate prices is my motto, and one trial will convince any person that the motto is well chosen.
☞ Repairing of Boots and Shoes attended to promptly and in a workmanlike manner.
Thankful for past favors I feel confident that my work and prices will commend me to a continuance and increase of the same.
JOHN D THOMAS.
Ebensburg, May 28, 1868.-tf.

Johnstown and Ebensburg
MARBLE WORKS!
Having again taken charge of the branch Marble Works at Ebensburg, which he will operate in connection with his extensive establishment at Johnstown, the subscriber adopts this method of informing the citizens of Cambria county, that he keeps a constant supply of the best
ITALIAN AND AMERICAN MARBLE,
which he is prepared at stated times in Ebensburg and at all times in Johnstown, to manufacture to order, either as MONUMENTS, TOMBSTONES, MANTLES, TABLE or BUREAU TOPS, in as workmanlike manner and at as low prices as like work can be put up in any of the cities. Having in my employ a full force of experienced and skillful workmen, I do not promise too much when I say that I can furnish any of the above articles on short notice, at the lowest prevailing prices, and in a style of finish which cannot be excelled by any other manufacturer in the State.
A large stock of GRINDSTONES on hand and for sale cheap.
☞ Prompt attention paid to orders from a distance and work put up wherever desired, or delivered at any point named
JOHN PARKE
Johnstown, June 4, 1868.-tf.

REVERE THE MEMORY OF
FRIENDS DEPARTED!
MONUMENTS, TOMBSTONES, &c.
The subscriber still continues to manufacture of the best material and in the most workmanlike manner, at the
Loretto Marble Works,
all kind of MONUMENTS AND TOMBSTONES, as well as TABLE and BUREAU TOPS, and all other work in his line. None but the best American and Italian Marble used, and perfect satisfaction guaranteed to all cases at prices as low as like work can be obtained in the cities or elsewhere. Call and see specimens and judge for yourselves as to the merits cheapness of my work.
JAMES WILKINSON.
Loretto, March 12, 1868.-1y.

WM. M. LLOYD. JOHN LLOYD.
President. Cashier
FIRST NATIONAL BANK
OF ALTOONA.
GOVERNMENT AGENCY
AND
DESIGNATED DEPOSITORY OF THE UNITED STATES.
Corner Virginia and Annie Streets, North Ward, Altoona, Pa.
Authorized Capital, - - - - - $800,000
Cash Capital paid in, - - - - - 150,000
All business pertaining to Banking done on favorable terms
Internal Revenue Stamps of all denominations, always on hand.
To purchasers of Stamps, percentage, in stamps, will be allowed, as follows:
$50 to $100, 2 per cent.; $100 to $200. 3 per cent; $200 and upwards, 4 per cent.
Jan. 31, 1867-tf.

LLOYD & CO., Bankers,
EBENSBURG, PA.
Gold, Silver, Government Loans, and other Securities, bought and sold. Interest allowed on Time Deposits. Collections made on all accessible points in the United States, and a general Banking business transacted.
January 31, 1867.

W. M. LLOYD & CO.,
BANKERS, ALTOONA, PA.
Drafts on the principal cities and Silver and Gold for sale. Collections made.—Moneys received on deposit, payable on demand, without interest, or upon time, with interest at fair rates. an31.

UNION HOUSE,
EBENSBURG, PA., JEROME A. PLOTT, Proprietor, spares no pains to render this hotel worthy of a continuation of the liberal patronage it has heretofore received. His table will always be furnished with the best the market affords; his bar with the best of liquors.—His stable is large, and will be attended by an attentive and obliging hostler. Jan 30, 1868.-tf.

ST. JAMES' HOTEL,
(Conducted on the European Plan,)
405 & 407 LIBERTY STREET, OPPOSITE THE UNION DEPOT, PITTSBURGH, PA.
JAMES K. LANAHAN, - - - Proprietor.
This House is newly built and splendidly furnished, and convenient to all the Railroads coming into the city. The Restaurant connected with this Hotel open at all hours of the day and night. [oct.17 -1y.

PITTSBURGH STAR,
No. 429 Liberty Street.
OPPOSITE UNION PASSENGER DEPOT,
PITTSBURGH, PA.
[je.11.-1y.] FELIX HENLY, Prop'r.

MOUNTAIN HOUSE, EBENSBURG
R. P. LINTON & CO., Prop'rs.
The TABLE is always supplied with the choicest delicacies; the BAR is supplied with choice liquors, and the STABLE attended by careful hostlers. Transient visitors accommodated and boarders taken by the week, month or year, on reasonable terms. feb21

MERCHANTS' HOTEL.
J. & W. C. M'KIBBIN, Proprietors.
Fourth St., between Market and Arch,
May 9, 1867.-1y. PHILADELPHIA

EBENSBURG
DRUG AND BOOK STORE.
HAVING recently enlarged our stock we are now prepared to sell at a great reduction from former prices. Our stock consists of Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Fancy Soaps, Leon's, Hall's and Allen's Hair Restoratives, Pills, Ointments, Plasters, Liniments, Pain Killers, Citrate Magnesia, Ess Jamaica Ginger, Pure Flavoring Extracts, Essences, Lemon Syrup, Soothing Syrup, Spiced Syrup, Rhubarb, Pure Spices, &c.
CIGARS AND TOBACCOS.
Blank Books, Deeds, Notes and Bonds; Cap, Post, Commercial and all kinds of Note Paper; Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, Arnold's Writing Fluid, Black and Red Ink, Pocket and Pass Books, Magazines, Newspapers, Novels, Histories, Bibles, Religious, Prayer and Toy Books, Penknives, Pipes, &c
☞ We have added to our stock a lot of FINE JEWELRY, to which we would invite the attention of the Ladies.
PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS at lower prices than ever offered in this place.
Paper and Cigars sold either wholesale or retail. LEMMON & MURRAY,
July 30, 1868. Main Street, Ebensburg.

FOREIGN SHIPPING
AND
EXCHANGE OFFICE.
WE ARE NOW SELLING EXCHANGE,
AT NEW YORK RATES, ON

England,	Ireland,	Scotland,
Wales,	Germany,	Prussia,
Austria,	Bavaria,	Wurtemberg,
Baden,	Hessen,	Saxony,
Hanover,	Belgium,	Switzerland,
Holland,	Norway and	France.

And Tickets to and from any Port in

England,	Ireland,	Scotland,
Germany,	France,	California,
New South Wales or		Australia.

KERR & CO.
Altoona, Pa., Jan 31, 1867.

DENTISTRY.—The undersigned, a graduate of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity, which place he will visit on the FOURTH MONDAY of each month, to remain one week.
Aug 13. SAM'L BELFORD D. D. S.

JAMES J. OATMAN, M. D., tenders his professional services as Physician and Surgeon to the citizens of Carrolltown and vicinity. Office in rear of building occupied by J. Rock & Co. as a store. Night calls can be made at his residence, one door south of A. Haug's tin and hardware store. [May 9, 1867.

R. DEVEREAUX, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, *Summit, Pa.*—Office east end of Mansion House, on Rail Road street. Night calls may be made at the office. [my28.1t]

R. J. LLOYD, successor to R. S. BURN, Dealer in *Drugs, Medicines, Paints, &c.*, Store on Main street, opposite the "Mansion House," Ebensburg, Pa.
October 17, 1867.-6m.

FRANK W. HAY,
WHOLESALE and RETAIL Manufacturer of TIN, COPPER and SHEET-IRON WARE, *Canal street*, below Clinton, *Johnstown, Pa.* A large stock constantly on hand.

D. M'LAUGHLIN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, *Johnstown, Pa.*—Office in the Exchange building, on the Corner of Clinton and Locust streets—up stairs. Will attend to all business connected with his profession.
Jan. 31, 1867.-tf.

R. L JOHNSTON, J. E. SCANLAN,
JOHNSTON & SCANLAN,
Attorneys at Law,
Ebensburg, Cambria co., Pa.
Office opposite the Court House.
Ebensburg, Jan. 31, 1867.-tf.

JOHN P. LINTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, *Johnstown, Pa.*—Office in building on corner of Main and Franklin street, opposite Mansion House, second floor. Entrance on Franklin street.
Johnstown, Jan. 31, 1867. tf.

A. ROPELIN, - - - - T. W. DICK,
Johnstown. Ebensburg.
KOPELIN & DICK, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office with Wm. Kittell, Esq., Colonade Row. [oct 22.-tf.

F. A. SHOEMAKER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, *Ebensburg, Pa.*—Office on High street, one door East of the Banking House of Lloyd & Co.
January 31, 1867. tf.

F. P. TIERNEY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, *Ebensburg, Pa.*—Office in Colonade Row.
Jan. 5, 1867-tf.

JOSEPH M'DONALD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, *Ebensburg, Pa.*—Office on Centre street, opposite Linton's Hotel. [Jan. 31, 1867 tf.

JOHN FENLON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, *Ebensburg Pa.*—Office on High street, adjoining his residence. Jan 31, 1867.-tf.

GEORGE W. OATMAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, *Ebensburg, Pa.*—Office in Colonade Row, Centre street.
January 31, 1867.-tf.

WILLIAM KITTELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, *Ebensburg, Pa.*—Office in Colonade Row, Centre street.
Jan. 31, 1867.-tf.

C. L. PERSHING, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, *Johnstown, Pa.* Office on Franklin street, up-stairs, over John Benton's Hardware Store. Jan. 31. 1867.

WM. H SECHLER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in rooms recently occupied by Geo. M. Reade Esq., in Colonade Row, Centre street. [aug.27.

GEO. M. READE, *Attorney-at-Law*, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in new building recently erected on Centre street, two doors from High street. [aug 27.

JAMES C. EASLY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, *Carrolltown, Cambria Co., Pa.* Collections and all legal business promptly attended to. Jan 31, 1867.

H. KINKEAD, *Justice of the Peace and Claim Agent.*—Office removed to the office formerly occupied by M. Hasson, Esq., dec'd, on High St., Ebensburg. jl3.

J. S. STRAYER, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Johnstown, Pa. Office on the corner of Market street and Locust alley, Second Ward. dec.19.-1y.